

*M. Waldron presents his  
compliments to M. Reed, and  
requests the favour of his  
acceptance of this juvenile essay.*

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THE  
MAID OF KENT,  
A  
COMEDY.

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Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.

2

THE  
MAID OF KENT



C O P Y

For the use of the University of York







*Act 4<sup>th</sup> Scene 2<sup>d</sup>*

T H E  
MAID of KENT. K

A  
C O M E D Y:

Acted at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
I N  
DRURY-LANE.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HREE or four years having elapsed since the representation of the following trifle, it will, no doubt, be thought extraordinary, that it should make its appearance in print just at the time when so capital a production as **The SCHOOL for SCANDAL** engrosses all theatrical attention: in some degree to excuse the ill-timing of this publication, the author assures the public, that the copy-right was disposed of, and some sheets of it in the press, before that Comedy appeared; otherwise they would never have been troubled with this apology, or the cause of it.

TO THE  
LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Who, by their admirable performance  
of this first essay, and excellent delivery  
of the prologue and epilogue  
to it, obtained such applause to them,  
as in themselves they could not merit,

The MAID of KENT

Is most gratefully inscribed,

by their

much obliged Servant,

The AUTHOR.

Jan. 24, 1778.



# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

*WHEN a melodious lark, ascending, sings,  
The wide expanse with shrilly echoes rings;  
'Till, strongly winging his aerial way,  
To fight he's lost, warbling his heav'n-tun'd lay!  
Not so, when the young bird first 'ttempts a flight,  
Emerging from his nest to dazzling light—  
With flutt'ring pinions, half-form'd notes, dim'd eyes,  
From the too pow'rful glare, he, trembling, hies  
To some thick wood, low copse, or shady grove,  
Where he, secure from birds of prey, may rove;  
Where safely he may try his feeble wings,  
There flits from spray to spray, and faintly sings:  
Patient remains 'till strength and art are won,  
Then soars and warbles 'gainst the noon-day sun!*

*But, when he ventures first t'explore the sky,  
Should critic-buzzard, hawk, or kite be nigh,  
Skimming and winding round, then on him dart,  
His beak and talons dig into his heart;  
No more he sings, no more can ever fly,  
His artless song and self together die!*

*So will it fare with our green-bird or sparrow,  
If, growling sound, you o'er him draw the harrow;  
No more he'll chirrup his insipid note,  
Or vainly gurgle his discordant throat:  
O loss of losses!—ne'er to be recover'd—  
A green-bird in a furrow you have smother'd!*

*But say you're merciful, and, 'stead of killing  
The vent'rous fool, to rear him should be willing;  
Pleas'd, he'll crack rape-seed, bucket raise of water,  
To amuse yourself, spouse, son, and pretty daughter;  
And while he grunsell picks, or chickweed eats,  
Will, chirping, thank each gen'rous heart that treats;  
May learn the linnet's, lark's, canary's song,  
His tuneful life if kindly you prolong;  
And strive each hour t'improve his simple lay,  
In clearer strains your favours to repay!*

DRAMATIS



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Sealand,	Mr. DAVIES.
Sir Thomas Richacre,	Mr. PARSONS.
Doctor Goodman,	Mr. PACKER.
George,	Mr. PALMER.
Metre,	Mr. WALDRON.
William,	Mr. VERNON.
O'Connor,	Mr. MOODY.
La Poudre,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Robert,	Mr. GRIFFITHS.
Emily,	Miss YOUNGE.
Patty,	Miss POPE.
Dame Quickset,	Mrs. BRADSHAW.

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Scene—Sir Thomas Richacre's Seat, near the Sea-coast, in Kent.

Time—an Afternoon.

THE

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T H E

# Maid of Kent.

A C T I.

*Scene a Study in Sir Thomas Richacre's House.*

*Doctor Goodman and Emily are discovered sitting: the Doctor shutting a Book, they presently rise.*

Dr. GOODMAN.

**H**ERE, madam, if you please, we'll conclude the labour of the day.

*Emily.* Call it rather the pleasure of the day, fir,—for such it is to me, I assure you—to you indeed, fir, I fear it must be otherwise—the instruction of a silly girl, no doubt, is painful and tedious.

*Dr. Good.* Pardon me, madam, I did not call it labour in that sense; so far am I from thinking it irksome, the hours I pass in this our every morning's exercise, and the duties of my holy function, are the happiest of my life:—for, believe me, were you my own child, instead of my honour'd patron's, I could not love you better!

*Emily.* Nor do I think Sir Thomas's affection (altho' the best of fathers) exceeds the very paternal regard you have ever been pleased to express for me—and—I know not why—I

B

think

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think I feel not a more filial love for him, than for yourself, fir !

*Dr. Good.* Dear madam, say not so :—the many hours we pass together in our delightful studies, beget in you a customary regard—think it no more.

*Emily.* Perhaps it is no more, fir, nay, it cannot—for never had a child a kinder parent !

*Dr. Good.* Nor ever had a man a truer friend ! Indeed, so general is his goodness, he might be a pattern for mankind :—he never saw an infant without a parent's fondness, or a grey head, but, like a child, he honour'd it !

Sir Thomas Richacre enters.

*Sir Thom.* Ha, ha ! what, hard at it ?—What is it ?—Ethics or mathematics, astrology or theology ?—'tis a thousand pities, Doctor, your pupil is a girl, otherwise she would certainly be a bishop in time.

*Emily.* Perhaps not, papa ;—you see Dr. Goodman, with as much piety, learning, good sense, and, I am sure, as good a heart as any, has hitherto attained to no greater dignities than rector of this parish, your chaplain, fir, and my tutor.

*Dr. Good.* Were I, madam, what you are pleased to say of me, it does not at all follow I should ever be so exalted.—There are, no doubt, an infinitely greater number of deserving ministers than there are mitres, or even inferior dignities ; but whoever has attained to that of an honest man, will feel, that church or state can never raise him higher !

*Sir*

*Sir Thom.* I think so too, Doctor ; and, in that respect, there is not a more exalted character than yourself.

*Dr. Good.* Heaven forbid, fir !

*Sir Thom.* But all this while I forget your boy, Doctor.—I made my morning's airing shorter than usual, that I might be in the way when he arrived.—He is not come yet, I suppose?

*Dr. Good.* No, fir.

*Emily.* Does young Mr. Goodman come home from Oxford to day, fir ?

*Dr. Good.* Yes, madam, I expect him.

*Emily.* Bless me ! I thought he was not to have come till next week, fir.

*Sir Thom.* Yes, yes, he'll be here to day, and then you may have a new tutor, for I suppose you have almost tir'd your old one.—I warrant, by this time, he can speak Greek as well as his father ; what think you, Doctor ?

*Dr. Good.* I not only think that of him, fir, but, were he not my own, I could be bold to say, he is the most accomplished youth I ever saw, and, add to that—the best !

*Sir Thom.* Ay, ay, George is a good boy !—ay, and a clever one too—every body says so as well as yourself :—but if they did not, the crow, you know, always thinks her own young whitest, ha, ha, ha !—Let me see, [*looking at his watch*] 'tis past one,—will the rogue be here to dinner, think you ?

*Dr. Good.* I expect him every moment, fir.

*Sir Thom.* Od ! I wish he was come ! I have not seen him this age :—and are not you glad he is coming, Emily ?

*Emily.* Yes, indeed, fir, very glad—for I think him a most amiable young man ; and

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have often thought it a thousand pities he is not heir to a good fortune ; as this idolatrous world of ours, still worshipping a golden calf, would value him much more for inheriting a fund of wealth than virtues :—and a rich coxcomb is oftner propos'd to us poor girls, than the most deserving of our affections, whose merits are not back'd with that powerful recommendation—a great estate !

*Sir Thom.* It's very true, my dear,—too often the case, I must confess.

*Emily.* And I make no doubt, but even our ridiculous worthless neighbour, Lord Sealand's addressess, would be esteem'd an honour, and plain George Goodman's, an affront, to most great families in the kingdom.

*Sir Thom.* Why, he is a peer of the realm, you know.

*Emily.* True, papa ; and there are very few so ill-bred, as to think a coronet may sometimes cover a weak head, or a glittering star, a bad heart !

*Sir Thom.* Ha, ha ! well said, my little satirist !—We are to be honour'd with his lordship's company to day at dinner, on purpose to see George.

*Dr. Good.* His lordship has been always kind enough to take great notice of my poor boy.

*Emily.* That is the only proof of understanding he ever gave—and, but for that, he would be intolerable, with his unaccountable whims and caprices.—Now own, papa, don't you think it a strange amusement he has lately taken to, keeping sailing vessels, to be so often tossing about on the sea as he is ?

*Sir*

*Sir Thom.* Why ay, child, I think it rather too boisterous to be called pleasure; but he seldom makes a much longer trip than just across to Calais, to furnish himself with some of their knicknacks and fopperies.

*Emily.* Right, papa; for such a finical waterfly is he, that, when on shore, he lays out more money in powder and perfumes in a week, than, I fear, he gives to the poor in a year.—I never see him, papa, but I think of beau Mizen in the play. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Thom.* Well, but, Emily, my dear, you, of all people in the world, should not be so severe upon him: he's a very warm admirer of you, you know; and has almost ask'd my consent to marry you.

*Emily.* He is not a bit more in my good graces for that, I assure you, papa; for, could he obtain your consent, I believe he'd care very little whether he had mine or not.

*Dr. Good.* But Sir Thomas, I am persuaded, madam, will never grant one without the other.

*Emily.* That I confide in, sir.—I suppose I shall be teiz'd to death with his supercilious nonsense to day, which he gives me to understand he means for courtship.

*Sir Thom.* And are not you delighted at the very idea of being his lady?—Countess of Sealand!

*Emily.* Not I, indeed, papa; lud! lud! what a character! a foppish sailor! a compound of tar and civet! faugh!—I'd sooner marry our honest Old Metre yonder, and be dame to the clerk of the parish.

*Sir Thom.* Ha, ha, ha! here comes the old psalm-singer as fast as he can hobble.

*Emily.*



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*Emily.* Poor good old man! he's worth a court-calendar full of such lords!

*Metre enters.*

*Metre.* Your reverence! your reverence!—goodluck, I most humbly crave your worship's pardon for my abrupt intrusion, [*to Sir Thomas*] but I come a joyful harbinger! As I am a sinner, fir, your well-beloved son is just arrived. [*to the Doctor.*]

*Dr. Good.* Indeed!

*Sir Thom.* Is he faith, old Sternhold?

*Metre.* Yes, in truth, your worship, or may I never set another slave.

*Emily.* [*Looking out.*] O lud, ay! he is just stepping out of the post-chaise—bless me—what a figure I am!—I—I beg pardon, fir, but indeed I can't stay—I must go and make myself a little more fit to be seen?

*Exit Emily.*

*Sir Thom.* Did you observe the girl, Doctor?

*Dr. Good.* Most heedfully, fir—and fear—

*Metre.* He approacheth, your honours, he approacheth!

*Sir Thom.* Ay, here he comes, sure enough.

*George enters.*

*George.* Your blessing, fir, [*kneeling to Dr. Goodman.*]

*Dr. Good.* Heaven grant thee grace!

*George.* My honour'd patron! my second father! [*to Sir Thomas*] I can't resist an impulse that throws me at your feet, and bids me beg your blessing too!

*Sir*



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*Sir Thom.* Heaven blefs and preſerve you, my good lad!

*George.* My dear father, forgive this tranſport—I fear it hurries me into a neglect, I'd ſooner die than willingly be guilty of—but—this meeting overpowers me!—don't be offended, fir, [*to Sir Thomas*] at the frankneſs of a poor lad like me—indeed I am very happy to ſee you, fir! I hope both you, fir, and my dear father, are as well as——

*Sir Thom.* Well? odzookers! who can be ill and look ſuch a ruddy-cheek'd rogue as you in the face?—faith, you look bravely, my lad!—and a devilish handſome young dog you are grown! rare work, I warrant, he has made at Oxford, Doctör! how many dozen have you left crying their eyes out, eh, George?

*George.* You are merry, fir,

*Sir Thom.* Well, but—joking apart—have you left ne'er a little tender ſoul breaking her heart after you;—a ſweetheart, eh, George? for I'll engage you have got one, boy.

*George.* To what end, fir, ſo young and unprovided for, as I am?—But, excuſe me, fir, for interrupting you by hoping Miſs Richacre is well.

*Sir Thom.* Ay, Emily is pure hearty, and as reſerv'd as yourſelf—She wont confeſs the power of the little blind boy any more than you.

*George.* The longer ſhe is, fir, before ſhe makes her choice, we may reaſonably hope the better it will be.—But, I believe, fir, ſhe may wait long indeed, before ſhe finds one to deſerve her.

*Sir*

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*Sir Thom.* Odzookers, George, that's a civiler thing than ever I heard Lord Sealand say of her, with all his courtship.

*George.* Lord Sealand! [*aside*] I—I hope, fir, I do not offend in speaking my sentiments so freely?

*Sir Thom.* Offend! no, no, boy—I like you the better for speaking your thoughts—I wish all mankind did so, they would not be the worse for it.

*Metre.* Then, with your worship's indulgence, I can withhold no longer—As I am an unworthy sinner, fir, [*to George*] I am more delighted to behold you than a full congregation! and that is the delight of my old heart.

*George.* What, my good old friend! nothing but my extreme joy at seeing my honour'd parent and protector, could have made me overlook you—I am very glad to see you—I hope you are well! [*taking Metre kindly by the hand.*]

*Metre.* In troth, the better for seeing you well, fir! [*wiping his eyes.*]

*George.* Ah, my old playfellow, “Thou hast born me on this back a thousand times!”

*Metre.* And a pleasant load thou wert, my ever gentle task-master! he, he, he!—and, in like sportful sort, although I am waxen old, I hope to live to bear your tender offspring!

*George.* No, my poor Yorick! time will, I fear, bear you away first!

*Sir Thom.* Not so neither, George—for, as my mother used to say to me, those eyes of yours will make many a pretty girl's heart ach—so, don't be timorous, lad, but look about you; and, if you take a liking to a girl, let her be who she may, attack her boldly—I am a  
whimfical

whimsical old fellow, and if I take it into my head, may make you worth her having.

*Dr. Good.* Sir, I fear your goodness will——

*Sir Thom.* Pho, pho, be quiet, Doctor—you know I am not (like too many in the world) easily talked out of a good design, or into a bad one—but, tell us, George, sincerely, now we are upon the subject, have you really ne'er a sweetheart at Oxford?

*George.* No, I assure you, sir.—I never saw a face there that made the least impression on me.

*Sir Thom.* And you are heart-whole, ha?

*George.* As when I left this house, sir!  
[*sighing aside.*]

*Sir Thom.* Why, how have you pass'd your time, lad? always at your studies?

*George.* Pretty constantly, sir—the only return in my power for your great bounty to me, was the making a proper use of it.—But, if I may be so bold, sir, I think you mentioned something of Lord Sealand's having paid his addresses to Miss Richacre.

*Sir Thom.* Ay, George, I believe I might—

*George.* But I think, sir, you said too, that Miss Emily had not hitherto confess'd any particular inclination——

*Sir Thom.* Why, no—but he's very rich—and when a suitor is both wealthy and noble, you know——

*George.* Very true, sir!

[*Metre talks apart with Dr. Goodman.*]

*Sir Thom.* Not that I believe Emily likes him a jot better for those accidental advantages, as she calls them—She and I are much of a mind about him; for, in my opinion,

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he is but a frothy kind of a spark, like too many of the present age—and it is paying you no compliment, George, to say such a lad as you are, is worth a score such as Lord Sealand.

[*George bows respectfully.*]

*Dr. Good.* I fear, sir, what you are pleased to say of my poor boy will make him vain.

*Sir Thom.* Vain of what such an old fellow as I say! no, no,—If Emily had said as much indeed—but, Doctor, I must rob you of George's company a little—come, boy,—you must go and ask my girl how she is—she'll be glad to see you, I'm sure—She just saw you alight, and scamper'd away to set her cap strait, or some such important matter—Come along, my boy, and I'll promise you a kiss for your pains.

*Exit Sir Thomas Richacre.*

*George.* Will you excuse me a few moments, my dear sir, while I pay my respects to Miss Richacre?

*Dr. Good.* Ay, ay, attend Sir Thomas by all means—meantime, I'll step and see a poor cottager hard by, who, Metre has just been telling me, is very ill.

*George.* You are as humane as ever, sir, heaven blefs you!

*Dr. Good.* And you too, my dear boy!

*Exeunt Dr. Goodman and George severally.*

*Metre.* Amen! and heaven be with you both! for such a father and such a son, are hardly to be parallel'd!—No marvel his good worship is so well pleased in ye—he, whose benignity extendeth even unto my unworthy self, and my poor child, Martha; whom he hath most benevolently reared, as waiting-maid unto

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unto his fair daughter, from childhood even unto womanhood—and, in commiseration of my forlorn condition, when my loving help-mate, Rebecca, departed this transitory life, bountifully took me to end my days in peace in his most hospitable mansion!    [*going.*]

*Emily and Patty enter.*

*Patty.* Lord, ma'am, there's nobody here but my father—

*Metre.* Whom seeketh her good ladyship, Martha?

*Emily.* I thought Mr. Goodman had been here.

*Metre.* No, madam—his reverence is gone to visit the afflicted.

*Emily.* O, no—I don't mean the Doctor, but George Goodman—I met his father this moment, and he said he was this way.

*Metre.* Good madam, I most humbly crave forgiveness for my misapprehension—my dearly beloved young master departed hence but even now indeed, to accompany his worship, in order to pay his most dutiful respects unto your ladyship.

*Emily.* Run, Patty—tell my papa I came down the other stairs, and am here.

*Metre.* So please your ladyship, I will acquaint his worship forthwith.

*Emily.* Thank you, Mr. Metre.

*Metre.* I long for the sweet young pair to meet methinks!

Would it might be never to part again—

That I devoutly pray, and to it add—Amen!

[*aside.*]

*Exit Metre.*

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* And so, Patty, you did see him, you say?

*Patty.* Yes, ma'am, I just had a peep at him as he passed thro' the hall, and he did look so handsome you can't think.

*Emily.* I wish you are not in love with him, girl.

*Patty.* Ah, madam! if I was as much his betters as he is mine, I'd soon tell him a piece of my mind.

*Emily.* Why really the youth's not amiss—I had a glimpse of him myself, and think him considerably improved, I must confess—his complexion more florid, and air more lively than when he left us.

*Patty.* Ay, ma'am, that he is, more lively and more lovely too than ever; and so you would say, ma'am, I am sure, if you spoke your thoughts.

*Emily.* Indeed! and pray how came you so well acquainted with my thoughts?

*Patty.* Why, ma'am, the dressing glass discovered them to me—for you have look'd more in it since you knew young Mr. Goodman was arrived, than ever I knew you in all my life before—And I'll be whipt if you don't wish to appear as handsome in his eyes as he does in yours.

*Emily.* O you wicked girl, how can you say so?

*Patty.* Indeed, ma'am, if I was as rich as your ladyship, and we were both at our own disposal, I fancy we should puzzle the poor young gentleman which to choose—for his choice he might have, that's certain.

*Emily.*



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*Emily.* And, in that case, you think he'd be puzzled which to choose? [*Smiling.*

*Patty.* O, dear ma'am, I had quite forgot one thing—that is—If I was as beautiful as your ladyship. [*Curtfying.*

*Emily.* O, your ladyship's most obedient! [*curt-fying*] and so you have quite forgot your sweetheart, William?

*Patty.* William?—yes—no, ma'am—that is—O gemini, ma'am, here the sweet gentleman comes as sure as a gun!

*Emily.* Eh! what! where? [*confused.*

*Sir Thomas Richacre and George enter.*

*Sir Thom.* Here, Emily, my girl, where are you? I was just going to storm your dressing room as old Amen overtook me—I have brought an old acquaintance to see you.

*George.* With your leave, sir—[*offering to salute Emily.*]

*Sir Thom.* Ay, ay, kifs her, boy, kifs her!—and kifs him, girl! you two must not be strange.

*George.* Madam!—I—I hope—[*saluting her.*]

*Emily.* Sir!—I am—very—[*both hesitate thro' confusion.*]

*Sir Thom.* Heyday! Madam—I hope—and, Sir, I am very—and there they both stop!—why what ail you both? you are not tonguetied sure all on a sudden?—Pray, sir,—what may you *hope*?—and, ma'am,—what are you *very*?—come, come, I fancy I can explain the matter—I suppose, George, if the truth was known, you *hope* to get another kifs—and you, Emily, are *very* willing to give it him! well, well,



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well, with all my heart; never heed me—kiss her again, boy, kiss her again!

George. Sir, I beg pardon for—

Sir Thom. Pho, pho, kiss her again, I tell you—I insist upon it—and then, perhaps, you'll recover your speech a little.

George. [*Saluting her again*] I am so overjoy'd, madam—

Emily. Sir, I am extremely—[*They stand bowing and curtsying confusedly.*]

Patty. [*To Sir Thom.*] Dear heart, fir, I hope you won't be angry, but indeed I cant hold my tongue any longer—You're welcome to Kent, fir! I hope you are well, fir? [*Curtsying to George.*]

George. Very well, I thank you, Patty.—I am glad to see you—I hope you are well?

Patty. Pretty well, 'thank you, fir; how do you do?

Sir Thom. Why look you there now—I warrant Mistress Patt could hold on a—how d'ye do, fir? and a—pretty well, thank you, fir! till this day fortnight; [*mimicking Patty*] while you stand as mute as an Egyptian mummy.

Emily. Dear papa, forgive me.—Sir—I beg your pardon, but indeed I was so glad to see you, I had scarce power to tell you so!

George. You have bereft me, madam, of reply, by saying the very words I would have utter'd if I could—may I flatter myself so far as to think—

Patty. O yes, indeed, fir, you may flatter yourself—for my lady and I are both very glad to see you!

Sir Thom. Hold your tongue, you chatter-box! I don't know any business you have here.

Patty.

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*Patty.* Dear heart, fir! I did but just speak—Chatter-box!—I wish I had been as cunning as some folks, and held my tongue, I might then have been kiss'd a little as well as some other people. [*aside.*]

*Emily.* Pray, papa, excuse her—she always seem'd to have so great respect for Mr. Goodman, and was so desirous now of seeing him, that I gave her leave to come with me.

*Metre enters.*

*Metre.* So please your worship, the right honourable the Earl of Sealand is just alighting from his gilded cha-ri-ot.

*Sir Thom.* I'll go to him directly—children, I'll leave you to yourselves a little—you'll find your tongues, perhaps, when my back's turn'd—but, George, you have not much time to spare—Lord Sealand will be enquiring for you, so get dress'd as soon as possible.

*George.* I will, fir.

*Sir Thom.* Come along then, old Pitch-pipe, and young madam Prate-a-pace!

[*Exit Sir Thomas Richacre,*

*Metre.* We follow your good and merry worship! ha, ha, ha! Martha, my child, come your ways.

*Patty.* I'll come presently, father—I am in great hopes he will kiss me yet! [*aside.*]

*Metre.* Presently will not do, child, come now! [*aside to her*] Wilt thou never learn more manners than to hearken unto gentlefolks' discourse? an eves-dropper! fie for shame! get thee gone about thy business, that's my good girl,

*Patty,*

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*Patty.* [*aside*] Psha! fiddle, faddle! how provoking this is! now I am sure I sha'n't get a kiss.

[*Exit Patty.*

*Metre.* [*to Emily*] Your honour's very humble servant! heaven blefs you, my sweet young master!

*George.* And you too, my good old friend!

*Metre.* Just such a lovely pair were those first formed—ah! would your conditions were as equal! then might I hope, ere long, unto your nuptial benediction, most joyfully to cry Amen!

[*Exit Metre.*

*Emily.* [*smiling*] What a whimsical old soul it is!

*George.* But exceeding kind and honest—at least to me—he knows no bounds to his good wishes for my welfare—which is all I can say in extenuation of his freedom now to you, madam!

*Emily.* O, the well-meaning good creature cannot easily offend me.

*George.* Have a care, dear madam, your condescension don't destroy the respect I should preserve——

*Emily.* Let me beg of you to forget those distant words, respect, and madam—our compliments are over, (tho' with much difficulty) [*smiling*] let us now resume that innocent familiarity we were bred together in, and ever were delighted with—when we parted last, you was less ceremonious; then, instead of madam, you call'd me your Emily—nay more, your dear Emily!

*George.* That I still might without a crime! for sure there can be nothing dearer to me.

*Emily.*

*Emily.* Then why this distance—this reserve?

*George.* O Emily! think but of your condition, your rank in life, and think of mine!

*Emily.* And shall that lay a restraint upon our lips?—must they be denied to express what our hearts will feel, forgetful of distinction?

*George.* What my heart feels they can't express—gratitude, love, admiration! all the most susceptible can feel, or eloquent describe, is there.—My dearest Emily, still I must call you so—why are you thus kind—thus condescending!—

*Emily.* In what?—'prithee, now, where is the mighty difference between us? is not your father in every respect (but the lowest of all considerations, riches) as good as mine? and wherein can I pretend to vie with thee, who art an abstract of both their virtues!—but we grow serious—besides, you have to dress, and see that odious Sealand, which this detains you from; so, 'till we meet at dinner, dear George, adieu!

[Exit Emily.]

*George.* Adieu, sweet Emily! lovely, engaging, bewitching Emily! O that I were but rich enough to dare aspire to thee! never did I repine at want of fortune but on thy account, and when I find that the only bar to my success, I must repine; since, were I not the child of poverty and dependance, what might I not hope!—her partiality for me, I think, is evident—and my determination to conquer this ill-suited passion, she has, in one moment, utterly destroyed! [he stands musing]

D

Patty

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*Patty enters.*

*Patty.* I gave my father the slip nicely—and here he is yet—and alone too, that's charming! Now, who knows but I may have better luck than I had before. [*aside*]—Pray, fir, is not my young lady here? [*George does not observe her.*] Hoity toity! why he's speechless again—may be he is always so when he wants to kiss a pretty girl—I wish Sir Thomas wou'd pop in his head, and cry (as he did just now) kifs her, boy! kifs her again! [*aside.*]—Sir! Sir!—pray is not madam Emily here?

*George.* [*Starting from his reverie.*] Ha! Emily! what of Emily?

*Patty.* Nothing, fir,—only I thought she had been here——

*George.* Yes, no—she has just left me—the happiest, yet most wretched, of mankind! [*aside.*]

[*Exit George.*]

*Patty.* Not one kifs, by jingo! I could cry for madness! I suppose he's proud, and thinks himself too much above me—marry come up! and yet—he is a pretty gentleman, and if I was as rich as a jew I'd marry him directly.—Stay—let me consider—I have got a little money by me that my father knows nothing of, if I don't buy a lottery-ticket I'll be burnt!—and if I get the twenty-thousand-pound-prize, nay, if I am so unlucky as to get only the ten-thousand, I'll tell him my mind directly—and sure then he won't think himself above me! I've heard say, that in London the gentry—ay, even your lords and dukes, now and then marry poor girls that are pretty—like me, for  
love

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love—nay, (tho' I hardly know how to believe it) folks say, they'll sometimes take up with their own, ay, or other people's, kept-madams! and I am sure it wou'd not be a quarter so bad as that, for a parson's son to marry a clerk's daughter!

[Exit Patty.

End of the First Act.

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ACT II.

*Scene, Sir Thomas Richacre's Garden.—A Summer House in view.—Metre comes out of the Summer House, William meets him carrying a Chair.*

WILLIAM.

HERE, master Metre, here be another chair, and now it be all right, I believe—there be two for madam Emily and young master Goodman—two elbow-ones for Sir Thomas and his reverence, and this gilded damask one you bid me fetch for my lord—but eod, if I was his worship, I'd set upon it myself.

*Metre.* Ha, ha, ha!—well, put it into the summer-house with the rest, that's my good lad.

*William.* Never stir if I don't believe it be made of lead, it feels so plaguy heavy—thof I suppose I only think so 'cause I fetch'd it with an ill-will—for, to be sure, I did grudge my labour most confoundedly.

D 2

*Metre.*



*Metre.* Why so, William? I never knew thee idle yet—Why so?

*William.* Why, because I don't like un—and it goes mortally again' the grain with me to do any thing for such a scape-grace—for, as the ould saying be—he is like the wind at east, good to neither man nor beast!

*Metre.* For shame, William, for shame! you should not speak so disrespectfully of a nobleman.

*William.* Nobleman! why I hope, master *Metre*, you don't think such a whiffling chap as Lord Sealand deserves to be called noble? I'll be judg'd by yourself now, if he be one crumb like his worship, or a quarter so noble,—thof he be no more but a knight-barrow-knight.

*Metre.* I profess, William, I do not think this light young lord so deserving of his dignity as our nobles in general are said to be; which maketh me most heartily wish he was more like his worship's honour than he is.

*William.* More like un! I'll be shot an' he be a bit like un—no more than a crab-apple be like a golden-pippin! I wonder, for my part (nay, for that matter, so do the whole neighbourhood) why such a good gentleman as Sir Thomas, keeps company with him, and lets him come dangling here for ever a'ter young madam, like a tantony-pig?

*Metre.* Why, thou knowest, William, his lordship hath a great estate adjoining to his worship's—and, although he hath it not in his will, I fear, to do much good, it is in his power to do a great deal of harm, therefore,



I conjecture, his worship holdeth it prudent to keep friends with him.

*William.* More the pity, I say, master Metre, that what few good men there be in the world should be obligated to truckle to the bad—or that any one should have a good estate that has not a good heart likewise!

*Metre.* William! thou art an honest righteous lad, I verily believe; and, although it hath pleased heaven to place thee in so humble a station, the uprightness of thy heart would adorn the princes and the rulers of the land, more than their costly raiment, precious stones, purple and fine linen!

*William.* Thanks to your kind opinion, master Metre—I do hope I shall never prove no other-wise.

*Metre.* I am morally certain thou wilt not—hold forth thy hand—there is a shilling for thee—and I will bestow upon thee too a donation of good books, particularly, the Old and New Testament, the Liturgy, with, thereunto annexed, the Old and New Version of the Psalms of David, done into English Metre.

*William.* Thank you kindly—odsbobs, I shall be quite set up—

*Metre.* Moreover, I will recommend thee unto his reverence, to succeed me in my holy office upon my demise——

*William.* What, me to be clerk and sexton! oh lord!

*Metre.* To qualify thee for which important undertaking, I will instruct thee in every thing appertaining unto a clerkship—particularly in psalmody—likewise how to adapt, as well as set,

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set, a stave—and eke also, both audibly and emphatically to cry Amen!

*William.* I shall soon learn, for I know all the notches already, and can give the key with the pitch-pipe, and sing sol fa with e'er a he in the parish—and as to Amen—no offence, master Metre, I hope—but I could say it twice as laudable as you do.

*Metre.* Audible, thou would'st say, William—and audibly did I use to say it—but, alackaday, I am waxen old, and my voice is impaired—but when I was thy age—hem! A—a—men! [*Speaking as loud as he can, William puts his hand before Metre's mouth.*]

*William.* Odsbobs! here comes my lady.

*Emily enters—William carries the Chair into the Summer House—Metre is going, Emily recalls him.*

*Emily.* No, not here!—where is my George? What can have become of him?—Mr. Metre!

*Metre.* Did your good ladyship please to call?

*Emily.* Are you going into the house, pray?

*Metre.* Unless your ladyship hath occasion to send me elsewhere.

*Emily.* No, only be so good to tell Patty I want to speak with her.

*Metre.* I will communicate your ladyship's pleasure unto her incontinently.—Ah! when young, I had a voice like any bell!—and, as the old song sayeth, could dig a grave, and set a stave, and say Amen full well! [*aside as he goes off.*]

[*Exit Metre.*—William returns, and is following Metre, Emily calls him.

*Emily.*

*Emily.* William!

*William.* Ma'am!

*Emily.* Step to the cottage below our garden-door in the green-lane; I am told the poor labourer there is ill, and the family in great distress—give this to the poor woman—[*gives money*] and be careful not to mention it to any body else, I charge you.

*William.* No, indeed, ma'am, I'll never open my lips about it, but when I'm praying heaven to bless and preserve your ladyship's goodness!

*Emily.* Run then, William, as fast as you can; and go out at the garden-door, that none of our family may see you.

*William.* Yes, ma'am, I will—I'm sure I should not think this a heavy load if it weigh'd as much again as the gilt chair, for I should like to be so employ'd from one week's end to the other!

[*Exit William.*]

*Emily.* What a humane creature! such goodness must not go unrewarded.—How different are our natures! this uninstructed boy, possessing virtues too seldom met with in the most exalted!—What then avail a pompous title, wealth, and illustrious ancestry? since the meanest peasant, possessing but humanity, has no superior! while the heart that cannot feel for others' woes, disgraces, not only a distinguished rank, but even our very nature!

*Patty enters.*

*Patty.* Did you want me, ma'am? my father said——

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* Yes, Patty; my papa intends passing the afternoon in the summer-house, so order coffee and tea to be served there.

*Patty.* Yes, ma'am. [*going.*]

— *Emily.* Patty—have you seen any thing of young Mr. Goodman since dinner?

*Patty.* Yes, ma'am, I saw him steal sily by the hall windows a little while ago—I don't know where he went, but I have a notion he has seen some trollop in the neighbourhood, as he came along in the post-chaise, that he has taken a liking to, and is gone in search of—and I'm sure that's a shame, when he might pick and choose out of the two prettiest in the whole county!

*Emily.* Why, Patty, this is love in downright earnest—I'll be whipt if you have not quite forgot poor William, and are jealous of this young gentleman.

*Patty.* Jealous! not I indeed, ma'am—William is worth a dozen of him—young gentleman! he don't behave like one, that's what he don't, for he has not once had the good manners to offer to salute me since he came home.

*Emily.* Poor Patty! that is provoking, indeed—

*Patty.* Yes, ma'am—I believe you'd think it was, if he had serv'd you so!

*Emily.* Indeed! ha, ha, ha! why I wish you are not jealous of me next.

*Patty.* No, ma'am, I am pretty secure there, if I really did like him well enough to care about him—for, your ladyship being heiress to so many thousand pounds a year, he would never

never dare to make love to you, ma'am—and I hope, ma'am, setting case you was weak enough to like the poor lad, you'd never demean yourself so much as to tell him so.

*Emily.* I don't know that, Patty; for setting case (as you phrase it) I lik'd him, I should make very little scruple of confessing it.

*Patty.* Indeed! lord, lord, how little pride some people have! If I was a baronet's daughter, I'd never think of taking up with a poor clergyman's son, when I might marry a lord, and be a countess.

*Emily.* A mind like his would reflect a lustre upon the meanest origin! and I desire, Patty, you would restrain this freedom, nor make so free with Mr. Goodman's name again.

*Patty.* Dear heart, ma'am, I did but just speak—and I should not have said what I have, had not your ladyship ask'd me about him—if I am a little jealous of him, there's somebody to the full as jealous of me!

*Emily.* How I am tormented with this silly girl, while my mind is rack'd with a thousand apprehensions! [*aside*]

*Patty.* You wanted coffee and tea serv'd in the summer-house, I think you said, ma'am?

*Emily.* Yes, child! [*peevishly.*]

*Patty.* Child! goodlack!—ay—she is in love with him as sure as a gun, as well as myself—I'm sure I won't buy a lottery ticket since that's the case, for, 'twou'd be only throwing my money away! [*aside*]

[*Exit Patty.*]

*Emily.* Heyday! what ails the foolish girl! I wish she is not jealous in good earnest—and—what's the matter with the other foolish girl!

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girl! I wish *she* is not more affected than she ought—for, were I certain George was absolutely gone upon the errand Patty mentioned, I believe—I should not be very well pleas'd!—but it cannot be—therefore be still, my heart! poor frighten'd fool! nor throb and flutter without cause!

William *re-enters.*

*William.* Ma'am, I ha'run as hard as ever I cou'd, and the poor souls send their duty and ten thousand thanks to your ladyship—but, blessed be providence, they say, they don't want any money now.

*Emily.* How so, William?

*William.* Why, ma'am, what d'ye think? when I went into the cot, who should I see sitting by the sick man but young Master Goodman; and thof the poor soul be so bad, 'twould ha' puzzled a stranger to tell which of the two ail'd most, young gentleman look'd so piteously.

*Emily.* Indeed! was young Mr. Goodman there?

*William.* Yes, indeed, ma'am——

*Emily.* My mind's at rest again! [*aside*]

*William.* And the poor woman told me he had been there a good while, and had writ a description to be made up at 'pottecary's for her husband, and had guve 'em money to pay for it, and more to buy victuals with, and kiss'd the sweet babes, and was so kind to 'em, nothing could be like it!

*Emily.*



*Emily.* The dear, the amiable youth! how could I wrong him by my late ungenerous fears! [*aside*]

*William.* And when I came out, ma'am, who should I see but his worship and Dr Goodman, and they ax'd me what I had been doing there, and what I was crying about—for, to be sure, young gentleman's goodness had made my eyes water a little—and when I told 'em, I wish I may never stir if their honours did not almost cry too!

*Emily.* And where did my papa and the doctor go, William?

*William.* Why where do you think they went, ma'am?

*Emily.* Nay, how can I tell?

*William.* I am sure it made my heart dance with joy, to see such a grand gentleman as Sir Thomas Richacre, a knight-barrow-knight, justice of peace and quorum, stoop to go into a poor hovel like that—

*Emily.* What, the cottage you had just come out of!

*William.* Yes, indeed, ma'am—into poor Quickset's little hut!—but I cou'd not see Lord Sealand, tho' I look'd all about—and if he had gone along with their honours, his coat wou'd not ha' set the worse on his back o' Sunday, as the saying be—axing your ladyship's pardon!

*Emily.* Indeed, William, I am entirely of your mind—but, if I was not, why do you ask my pardon? it is not me you are speaking against.

*William.* Noa, madam, mercy forbid! it's out of any one's power to say ill of your lady-

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ship—but it be rife all over the parish that your ladyship's going to be married to my lord, and there's not a living soul but what pities you: for your ladyship's as much beloved as my lord's hated—and to be sure, that's not a little.

*Emily.* Well, William, I am not married to his lordship yet—and 'till I am, you need not fear offending me by such remarks.

*William.* Thank your ladyship's goodness—does your ladyship please to want any thing else?

*Emily.* No, 'thank you, William, not at present.

*William.* [*aside as he is going*] Now I know the poor souls don't want for any thing, if I can but coax Patty into a good humour, I shall be as happy as a king—Odrabbit it! I axe ten thousand pardons, but if I had not like to ha' forgot to remember to give your ladyship the piece of gold again, I'll be shot.

*Emily.* William, you are a humane good lad, and shall not want encouragement—keep it yourself as an earnest of what I may do farther for you.

*William.* Thank you kindly and heartily, ma'am!—it be more your goodness than my desert—[*aside*] now I'll run back again to the cottage t'other way, and watch 'till their honours be gone in at garden door, then make the poor souls have the money, whether they will or not!

[*Exit William.*

*Emily.* Married to Lord Sealand! I shudder to hear it mentioned! whence could such a report take rise? from himself, or from Sir Thomas?

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Thomas? sure my dear father, kind to all be-  
sides, will never single me out to be cruel  
to! and (as he does nothing without his  
worthy friend's advice) surely the good, the  
pious Doctor Goodman never can approve it!  
—why should I fear then?—and yet I do—  
the bare idea that it is possible makes me  
tremble—gracious heaven! how dreadful is  
my present situation! demanded by a worthless  
insolent I detest! hopeless of him I cannot  
chuse but love! Oh! George, where is the  
spot, or what the condition I should not think  
a paradise with thee, rather than share a king-  
dom with Lord Sealand! [*Lord Sealand sings*  
*without*] Heavens! here comes the hateful  
wretch—let me endeavour to conceal my agi-  
tation!

Lord Sealand enters.

*L. Sealand.* Emily, my divine creature! how  
could you be so cruel to leave me to mope  
and grow stupid for want of your animating  
brilliancy and vivacity? 'twas absolutely bar-  
barous, carissima mia!

*Emily.* Those are qualities, my lord, I am  
not happy enough to possess—but surely 'tis  
impossible for Lord Sealand ever to be grave,  
whose animating brilliancy and vivacity would  
dispel the gloom of a Greenland winter.

*L. Sealand.* O you flatterer! but, perhaps,  
you really think so—do you, my adorâble?  
make me happy by confessing it.

*Emily.* I dare say your lordship has not the  
least doubt but every body thinks so.

*L. Sealand.*

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*L. Sealand.* Mia bella Signora! I see you do—I read it in those eyes, whose brightness I adore more than the beacons on the South-foreland, when I am returning from Calais in a hazy evening.

*Emily.* Calais! bless me, does your lordship ever venture so far.

*L. Sealand.* Far! O child, that's nothing to me who have even had thoughts of sailing up the Baltic, or crossing the Bay of Biscay, merely to kiss the empress's fair hand, and the pope's great toe! and for a kiss of those divine lips, I would explore the North-East-Passage! nor think I flatter you, my angel, when I swear, that neither flip when I am aboard, or capillaire ashore, are half so dear to me!

*Emily.* You do me great honour indeed, my lord—but does your lordship ever taste the liquor they call flip?

*L. Sealand.* Taste it? ay, many a can do I tofs off when I have my watch-coat and trowsers on, and am turning to windward in a brisk gale—but the flip I drink is not like the vile stuff commonly so call'd, for mine has a most delicate flavour, as I always mix it with capillaire.

*Emily.* Well, it is amazing to me what could induce a person of your lordship's delicacy to venture upon this dangerous amusement you have lately taken a fancy to.

*L. Sealand.* Why, faith, mia cara! I commenced sailor merely to avoid the imputation of effeminacy—tho' if we meet with any bad weather at sea, I immediately retire to my cabin,

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cabin, and order my pilot, O'Connor, to make for land with all convenient speed.

*Emily.* Ha, ha, ha! you are perfectly in the right upon my word, my lord.

*L. Sealand.* But let us change the coarse indelicate subject—I am almost tir'd of the scheme, and another sea-sickness will make me drop it, I believe—pray what's become of George? first he walk'd off—then you, mia crudel! deserted us—and soon after, Sir Thomas ask'd me to go with him to see the sick fellow old Goodman was speaking of—as if I had been a physician—which I declining, he took away Domine, and left me to indulge in soliloquy, just as I was concluding our marriage, ma chere! upon honour I have not been treated so politely ever since I lodg'd with Mynheer Vander-Dunder, the fat Burgo-master at Rotterdam.

*Emily.* Concluding our marriage, did you say, my lord!

*L. Sealand.* Si, Signora—we were on the very brink of settling the preliminaries.

*Emily.* Why, does your lordship really suppose we are to be married?

*L. Sealand.* Is it possible you can still make that a question? have not I told you repeatedly I would marry you, my angel?

*Emily.* But did I ever consent to marry your lordship?

*L. Sealand.* Consent? egad I don't recollect I ever ask'd you—on purpose to spare your confusion in consenting, as I am sure my adorable will. [*taking her by the hand.*]

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* Perhaps your lordship may be deceiv'd!

*George enters.*

*George.* What do I see! Emily and Lord Sealand hand in hand! distraction! now I am lost indeed!—but she seems averse to him—why then should I tamely give her up? what is his fortune, title, birth, to me? I have a mind as noble, name as fair, tho' unadorn'd with honours and possessions!—but I rave—and, if perceiv'd, shall be thought a mean list'ner to their converse. [*retiring*]

*L. Sealand.* Ha! George! where have you been, you runaway! in some dull arbour I suppose, poring over your musty Greek.

*George.* I beg pardon, my lord, for this accidental intrusion—

*L. Sealand.* O you are come quite opportunely to help me soften the rigour of this obdurate fair one.

*George.* I shall be but an indifferent advocate for love, my lord—it is a language I have not been used to talk.

*L. Sealand.* Pho, pho, tell me something monstrous tender now out of your Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, or any of the soft amorous dogs, suited to the extreme violence of my passion.

*George.* Were I in your place, my lord, I should rather follow their example, than barely repeat their words—they never said any thing to the object of their wishes but what was dictated and inspir'd by love itself!

*L. Sealand.* Ay, that's true—but a rough tar as I am, can't be suppos'd to have so many  
fine





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thee, Emily! would I abuse my honour'd patron's confidence! may you, sweet maid, but meet one more deserving, while I pray heaven to bless and to protect you!

*Emily.* Do not talk so—thee only can I love! to thee only will I ever give my hand—I am sure my father will never force me to marry Sealand, or any one, against my will—and perhaps some blessed moment may incline him to prefer my poor, but virtuous George!

*George.* No more, no more, sweet Emily! I cannot bear it!

*Emily.* Well! we'll drop the subject!—pray, did you see Sir Thomas just now where you have been?

*George.* Where I have been?—

*Emily.* Yes, at the cottage, down the lane—William told me all.

*George.* Did he?—but, 'tis no great matter, for the poor woman *told me all* too, when she return'd from the door, (whither William had taken her to deliver your benefaction)—and likewise, that Sir Thomas and my father were talking with him in the lane—whereon, suspecting they were coming there, I quitted the cot immediately, and return'd another way unperceived by them.

Sir Thomas Richacre and Dr. Goodman enter.

*Sir Thom.* Why, George, where hast been, lad? I have been seeking you.

*George.* Sir, I was only—[*hesitating*]

*Sir Thom.* Come, come, never blush at a good action; that's a false shame, and almost as wrong as not to be ashamed of a bad one: I know  
where

where you have been, and how employed.—Your charity is sterling, I am sure, without that too common alloy of ostentation—and so is your's, my dear good girl!—but, pray, have you seen nothing of my lord lately, Emily? I expected to have found him here, for when I ask'd him to go with me, he declin'd it, saying he'd walk a turn or two in the garden with you till I return'd.

*Emily.* He was here just now, papa, and after addressing me in a most insolent manner, saying he was sure both you, fir, and myself would be proud of his alliance, he left me (as he said) to conclude the treaty with you!

*Sir Thom.* He did, ha? O, come along, I'll conclude it presently.

*Emily.* Sir! I hope—dear fir, [*to Dr. Goodman*] speak to my papa—for heaven's sake intercede for me,

*Dr. Good.* Don't alarm yourself, dear madam—Sir Thomas will do nothing contrary to your happiness or inclination, I am certain.

*Sir Thom.* What's the fool frighten'd at?

*Emily.* You said, fir, you'd conclude this hateful treaty!

*Sir Thom.* Why, ay, so I will——

*George.* Then I am lost indeed! [*aside*]

*Emily.* Is it possible, fir! must your poor Emily be made a sacrifice!

*Sir Thom.* Heyday! what the plague's the matter with the girl? I'll conclude it—put an end to it—break it off, you fool!—what can I say more to please you? I'd sooner marry you to William, or old Metre, than the first duke in the land, if he had no better a heart than Lord Sealand.

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*Emily.* Then I am happy !

*George.* And I ! [*aside*]

*Patty enters.*

*Patty.* Ma'am, Lord Sealand sent me to beg the favour of your ladyship to come and play a tune upon your harpsichord till Sir Thomas return'd—which (as you came in the garden way) his lordship did not know you was, sir.

*Sir Thom.* A tune, eh?—ay, ay, we'll go play him a tune directly—I'll soon put you out of your pain, I warrant you—for when he hears what must be known before you marry any one, and what I believe I shall now tell him, I fancy he'll give over the chace of his own accord.

*George.* Heavens ! what can that be ? [*aside to Emily*]

*Sir Thom.* If he does not, you will perhaps think better of him than you do at present, and willingly be Lady Sealand.

*Emily.* Never, sir, I am certain !

*Sir Thom.* Well, well, there's no knowing—we shall see—go, children, go before us.

*George.* Come, my sweet Emily !

*Emily.* What can my father mean ? [*aside to each other.*]

*George.* I know not what to think, whether to with or dread an explanation.

*Emily.* Nor I !—but (be it what it may) assure yourself, dear George, I never will be Lady Sealand !

[*Exeunt George and Emily.*]

*Sir Thom.* I believe, my good old friend, no better time than now for the discovery.

*Dr. Good.*

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*Dr. Good.* I think so too, dear fir—heaven prosper the event!

*Sir Thom.* Shall she be Sealand's if he holds his purpose?

*Dr. Good.* By no means, fir! and heaven avert, herself should ever wish it!

*Sir Thom.* Ay, so say I—but to be a countess is perhaps an almost irresistible temptation!

*Exeunt Sir Thomas Riehaere and Dr. Goodman.*

*Patty remains.*

*Patty.* By gemini, I am in great hopes she'll have my lord! and if she does, I think I stand no bad chance of having young Mr. Goodman! oh, lud! the very thoughts of it make me almost out of my wits!—but, hang this college-education—he seems so very bashful, I am afraid he'll never have courage to ask one the question downright—what shall I do then?—why, I don't know any other way than this—if he can't get the better of his modesty, and ask me, I must e'en try if I can't conquer mine, and ask him!

*William enters.*

*William.* Ecod, here she be!—I've found the little baggage at last—why, Patty, love! I thought I'd lost you—never stir if I ha'n't look'd up and down for you like bewitch'd—odsbodikins! I'm glad I ha' found you.

*Patty.* [*coldly*] Why, did you want any thing, William?

*William.* Want any thing, Patty! no, not I—nothing but to see thee, 'cause you know you was a little frumpish afore dinner; and I 'a'n't been

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been easy in my mind ever since—come, Patty, won't you make it up?

*Patty.* Make what, up, Mr. William? I don't know that we have had any difference—you have done nothing to offend me, and I have no reason to suppose I have said or done any thing to affront you.

*William.* Me! no, lord love your dear heart! I never was angry with you two minutes together in my life—so let's kiss and friends—

*Patty.* Kiss!—pray, Mr. William, keep your distance—I don't know what behaviour of mine can have caus'd you to forget yourself so much.

*William.* Why, Patty, you be only joking sure—come, gi' us a buss, you little cross-patch you.

*Patty.* Why, William, you have been drinking sure, or you could never be so bold.

*William.* Drinking, Patty!—I don't know what you mean by such an insinuation as that—I believe (ay, and you knows it too as well as I do) there ben't a soberer lad in all the parish—drinking!—lord help me!—if I have swallow'd a drop or a crumb of any thing since breakfast, but one horn of ale, and a bit of meat as big as my three fingers, I'm a drunkard and a glutton into the bargain! and I'd as lief be thought a thief as either—so you shou'd not say that of me, Patty!

*Patty.* Bless me, Mr. William, I said nothing about your eating—it's nothing to me what you eat, or drink either—what do you think I care? or whether you ever eat or drink again or not!

*William,*



*William.* Indeed!—if I thought you was in earnest, Patty, I don't think I ever should!

*Patty.* Well, that's none of my business, you know—I don't concern myself about inferior servants!—all I desire of you is, that you will not make so free with me for the future as you have had the confidence to do lately, for I am determin'd I won't put up with it!

*William.* Why, I am sure you can't say I ever behav'd uncivil to you, Patty—and if so be I have made bold to tell you I lov'd you, I said nought but truth—ay, and you have said as much to me more than once, for all you're so scornful now.

*Patty.* I say I lov'd you? no, William!—I own I had a sort of friendship for you, because I thought you an honest young man and so forth—but, love? O, no, William! I am very sorry you mistook my civility—I never had such a thought I assure you—I have very different views!

*William.* Patty!—eh?—what do you say?—don't you go to—dear Patty!—odrabbit it! my heart's so full I can't speak to her—and, if I could help it, I'd never speak to her again!

*Patty.* I should be very glad of it—and I desire, nay, I insist upon it, that you never offer to open your lips to me again; for if you do I sha'n't answer you, and so, your servant!

*William.* Stay, Patty—one word more before we break off our courtship—for a courtship it has been, say what you will—ay, and a tender one too! or else when I set off for Oxford so long ago with Master George——

*Patty.*

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*Patty.* George! you make very free with your betters methinks—it might be Mr. Goodman in your mouth.

*William.* Ay, bless his dear soul! there's no name too kind for him—but, as I was going to say—if so be you was not in love with me, as well as I in love with you, why did you break this bit of gold with me, which I have worn next my heart ever since? but I'll be hang'd if I wear it any longer—come off, rot thee!—there, there's your keep-fake, your love-token again! and you're a false-hearted girl!—and if you'll promise never to speak to me again, I never will to you while I have breath in my body!

*Patty.* I believe there's no great need of promising on my side, I than't be the first to break the silence, I dare say.

*William.* Why then fare thee well, Patty! my heart's my own again!

*Patty.* Ay, and a good riddance! take up with a footman indeed, when I have such a prospect of being a gentlewoman—I wonder who'd be fool then! I'm sure I won't be such a one, and so your servant, Mr. William!

[*Exit Patty.*]

*William:* And your servant, Mrs. Patt! if you go to that—a murrain take her for a scornful young toad! [*hurls after her*] I don't care a brass thimble for you! no nor a pin's point!—and you're a base, deceitful, false-hearted—[*bursts out a crying*] odrabbit it! I don't think I shall get the better of this the longest day I have to live!

[*Exit William the contrary Way.*]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

*Scene, the Summer-house.*—Lord Sealand, Sir Thomas Richacre, Doctor Goodman, George, and Emily, discovered seated.

LORD SEALAND.

AND now the decks are clear'd of the tea equipage, if you please, Sir Thomas, we'll resume our topic.

*Sir Thom.* With all my heart, my lord; the sooner we come to the point the better.

*George, [rising]* You have some private business with his lordship, I believe, Sir——

*Sir Thom.* O no, there are no secrets going forward, George; at least, none that are to remain so—you need not stir, boy.

*George.* With your leave, sir, I'll take a turn or two in the garden the while—*[aside]* I dread the event, nor dare I stay to hear it—heaven preserve you, my dear—lost Emily!

*[Exit George.]*

*Lord Sealand.* Now, sir, if you please—for I wait with as much impatience as a becalm'd vessel for a brisk gale to drive her safe into port.

*Sir Thom.* A brisk gale quotha! ecod, I have a notion there will blow such a breeze presently as will go near to overset you, my lord—or that your vessel, not being heart of oak, will spring a leak; for our discourse will take a turn you little think of.

*Emily.* Dear papa, permit me to retire!  
*[rising]*

G

*Sir Thom.*

*Sir Thom.* By no means, my dear—there is a particular reason why you should be present, otherwise indeed it might be deem'd a solecism in forms—but, don't be alarm'd, for I have not the most distant idea that this will come to any thing.

*L. Sealand.* What a savage!—O, sir, we'll dispense with a little form—to the point, if you please, Lady Sealand and I are all attention.

*Emily.* [*aside*] Insolent and cruel!

*Sir Thom.* To begin then—your lordship hath address'd this young woman?—

*L. Sealand.* This angel! this goddess whom I adore!

*Sir Thom.* Plain English, if you please, my lord—and demanded her of me in marriage?—pray now, if I may be so bold, what is your lordship's motive for it?

*L. Sealand.* What can it be but the most ardent passion?

*Sir Thom.* For her?

*L. Sealand.* For her! who else, dear sir, could I possibly——

*Sir Thom.* Say rather, what else?

*L. Sealand.* I don't understand you, sir.

*Sir Thom.* Why, your lordship being (no doubt) pretty well inform'd of the value of my rent-roll; is that, or this [*taking Emily by the hand*] the goddess you adore?

*L. Sealand.* This is mighty strange, Sir Thomas——

*Sir Thom.* No offence I hope, my lord—but, as I must be assur'd that whoever marries her has no other motive than a real, a disinterested affection for *herself*; this is the single question,

question, upon your answer to which depends the event.

*L. Sealand.* Propose it, dear sir, propose it.

*Sir Thom.* If, instead of being daughter to a baronet, and heiress to a very considerable estate, she had no other recommendation or endowment than her own beauty and virtue, would you, my lord, or would you not, raise her to the rank of Lady Sealand?

*L. Sealand.* Is it possible, sir, you can have a doubt of it? what is the condition I would not raise her from!

*Sir Thom.* Emily, my dear, come hither—I am going to lose thee, my little cherub!

*Emily.* Sir! is it possible!——

*Sir Thom.* The time is come, sweet child, I must resign thee!

*Emily.* [to *Dr. Goodman*] Good sir, support me—I cannot—oh! [*faints*]

*Dr. Good.* [to *Sir Thomas*] Dear sir, her spirits are quite overcome——

*L. Sealand.* Don't be alarm'd, gentlemen;—nothing but the mauvaïse honte usual on these occasions—or perhaps the excess of joy may have been too powerful for her—where the devil is my eau-de-luce?—look up, carissima mia sposa!

*Emily.* [*reviving*] O my dear father!——

*Sir Thom.* One kiss, sweet girl! and I resign that name—for, I am not your father!——

*Emily.* Gracious heaven!——

*L. Sealand.* What do you say, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Thom.* I am not her father—and now, my lord, determine—here she is, as rich in personal and mental gifts, as she is poor in fortune, for she has none!

*L. Sealand.* The devil! what a narrow escape! I had like to have weigh'd anchor, and hoisted sail for that damn'd long round-the-world-voyage of matrimony, in a vessel without either ballast or provision! [*aside*]—Why, undoubtedly, Sir Thomas, fortune was my least consideration—but, if the young lady is not your daughter, 'tis proper I should first know who is her father—it may be somebody whose family it would be improper for me to marry into.

*Emily.* [*kneeling to Sir Thomas*] Most honour'd sir!—

*Sir Thom.* Rise, rise, my dear! you must kneel no more to me! [*raising her*]

*Emily.* Where shall I kneel? where seek my father, if you are not!

*Dr. Good.* Turn hither, my heart's darling! and behold him—

*Emily.* Did I hear right? are you, sir, are you my father!

*Dr. Good.* I am! I am! [*embracing her*] I have endur'd a long constraint, but at length am free to boast—I am your father!—

*L. Sealand.* Heyday! here's a turn! the wind has chop'd about with a vengeance—one minute south, and the next due north as ever it can blow.

*Emily.* [*to Sir Thom.*] O sir, forgive me, nor think this an ill return for your paternal goodness.—I love—I honour you most highly, sir, and ever must revere you! but nature pleads most strongly in my breast—I love my father too! [*kneeling to Dr. Goodman, who raises and embraces her*]

*Sir Thom.*



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*Sir Thom.* Why that's my brave girl! I never yet knew half your goodness, and love you (if possible) better now than ever.

*L. Sealand.* Well, upon honour, this is the most whimsical adventure I ever met with—what, in the name of oddity, Sir Thomas, could induce you to bring up the young gentlewoman as your's?

*Sir Thom.* That's my concern, my lord—I had my reasons for it, which time perhaps may shew—the only question necessary at present is, whether (if she is willing) you will, or will not, marry her?

*L. Sealand.* A moment's pause, I beg, Sir Thomas——

*Sir Thom.* Pho, pho, come—speak boldly, man—was it the girl, or the estate you ador'd? in plain english, are you a man of honour, or are you a——

*L. Sealand.* Sir Thomas—you are really so precipitate—I beg the indulgence of a few moments reflection—I'll—think a little, madam, and let you know my determination presently——

*Emily.* My lord, you need not trouble yourself to think about it; for rest assur'd, that (fall'n as you may think me) nothing can induce me ever to be your lordship's!

*L. Sealand.* [*aside*] I never met with such a cursed embarras before!

[*Exit Lord Sealand.*]

*Sir Thom.* Ha, ha, ha! so much for modern love!—Emily, you have lost your countessship, my dear—

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* His refusal has made me happy, fir, beyond expression—and so I flatter myself it will make George——ha!—George!—merciful heaven! the thought occur'd not 'till this moment—he is my brother!

*Sir Thom.* And I fancy you had conceiv'd more than a sisterly affection for him—eh, Emily?—

*Emily.* I had indeed, fir! for, to confess what now is needless to conceal, I lov'd him ardently; and (ignorant of my birth) had I been mistress of the world, he must have shar'd it with me, or I had been a beggar!

*Sir Thom.* Ay, I thought as much—well, well, time's a good physician, and cures more ills than half the doctors living—it will wear off, I warrant you—no sign of my lord weathercock's turning about again? no!—I believe it's in vain to expect him—we had better seek for George, and inform him of what has pass'd.

*Dr. Good.* Come, my delight! my only pride! my sweet child, come—

*Emily.* Excuse me a little, my dear father! I'll follow you directly—I will but dry these tears and——oh! [*in a burst of grief.*]

*Sir Thom.* Pho, pho, never take on so about it, Emily—you sha'n't go without a husband yet, if there's one in the kingdom that deserves you—what say you to a Richacre, my girl?

*Emily.* Oh, fir, that I respect, revere and love you with a most filial affection, I think you do not doubt—but—most honour'd fir! my other parent!—let me stop there—my heart's too full!

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full!—be not offended, fir—I can no more—  
Oh, George! George!

*Sir Thom.* Well, well, we'll talk no more about it at present—but upon my word you must not remain single, Emily—for, to tell you the truth, I should have been sadly baulk'd, and my whole scheme frustrated, had my lord behav'd otherwise; as I have all along had hopes (which I flatter myself will yet be accomplish'd) of prevailing on you to accept for ever that name you have so long honour'd by the using!—come along, my old friend—friend, quotha! ecod, who knows how nearly we may be related soon! eh?—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Sir Thomas Richacre and Dr. Goodman.*]

*Emily.* What a reverse of fate! how am I bereft of all my fond, vain hopes of happiness and love!—had I been reduc'd to the most abject poverty—had I lost him I thought my father, and found no other—had every calamity our woe-fill'd lives are fraught with, but this, at once besel me, I had still been happy; but now, (oh, George! oh, brother!) I am sunk ten thousand times more deep than wretch e'er plung'd before!

*George enters.*

*George.* Alone, Emily? where are Sir Thomas and my father? I saw my lord go down the yew-tree walk, so thinking the conference over, I return'd to learn how it had ended—what was th' important secret on which so much depended?

*Emily.* Oh, George!—

*George.*

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George. How! weeping! then I know enough, and now am nothing! O fortune! title! how powerful are your charms that can betray goodness itself and make it err!

Emily. Forbear, forbear!—you know not why I grieve—you can't conceive the exquisite distress of my present situation!

George. Not conceive how dreadful to be given to those we hate, as I am persuaded you do Sealand?

Emily. Oh, George, there now needs no disguise—the doom irrevocable's past! did you indeed e'er love me?

George. Love you! do I breathe? do I exist?—could I, but to love you!

Emily. Then we both are truly wretched!

George. We are indeed! but if, as I have fondly thought, our love was mutual, how doubly wretched is your fate—doom'd thus to marry one that you detest!

Emily. No, that's not my grief—'thank heaven he has refus'd me.

George. Refus'd you!

Emily. You will not wonder when I can tell you why—Sir Thomas Richacre—is—not my father! [*bursting into tears*]

George. Not your father! amazing—yet most happy sound! then I may hope—and the first gleam I ever knew now shoots into my soul!

Emily. No, there is no hope—an eternal barrier is fix'd between us! for you are—I cannot speak it!

George. I am—gracious heaven!—what?

Emily. My brother!

George. Your brother!

Emily.

*Emily.* My dear, dear brother!

*George.* Support me, or I fall!

*Emily.* With my very life! [*weeping and embracing him*]

*Patty enters.*

*Patty.* So, so! here's fine work going forward—kissing and hugging at a rare rate! it's more than he ever offer'd to me!—by jingo, I don't half like this; she'll never have my lord, nor I him, if they go on thus—it's well I did not buy the lottery-ticket, seeing how matters are going! [*aside*]

*Emily.* Look up, dear George!

*Patty.* Dear George! lord, how loving we are! [*aside*]

*George.* Am I indeed so near to you?

*Patty.* Yes, you can't be much nearer, I think! in her very arms! how near wou'd you be, I wonder! [*aside*]

*George.* Your brother!

*Patty.* What! [*aside*]

*George.* Then there is no hope indeed!

*Patty.* No, I hope not—but, what can this mean? [*aside*]

*Emily.* Patty!—how long have you been here?

*Patty.* I am but this moment come, madam—Sir Thomas sent me to desire your ladyship—

*Emily.* O Patty, you must forget those words—I am no lady now—

*Patty.* No ma'am! how so?

*Emily.* No longer heiress to a splendid fortune, but sister to this much lov'd youth—the

H

virtues

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virtues of a reverend parent must be now our joint inheritance!

*George.* But to what purpose, Emily, was you bred up as daughter to Sir Thomas?

*Emily.* He told Lord Sealand there was a reason for it, which time perhaps would shew—and, in addition to my misery, after my lord had left us, said he was pleas'd at his refusal of me; having all along intended I should still keep the name of Richacre—meaning, no doubt, with my concurrence, to marry me himself!

*George.* Astonishing! yet that accounts for all.

*Patty.* Good gracious! I hardly know how to believe all this—I am afraid she's only joking [*aside*]—lord, ma'am, I hope you an't serious all this time—are n't you Sir Thomas's daughter indeed?

*Emily.* No, Patty, you have lost your mistress.

*Patty.* [*aside*] I have found a husband in the stead tho', and that's ten times better!—but I must seem sorry——Dear heart, ma'am, I am vastly concern'd to hear this, for you was very good to me, and I must never expect to have so many nice cloaths given me again, unless his worship should really be so kind as to marry you himself, ma'am.

*Emily.* Happy, happy girl! 'would I had no greater grief than thine!

*Patty.* Why, to be sure, ma'am, the black ox has trod upon your foot a little, as the saying is—and one misfortune seldom comes alone, as the other saying is—you have been very unlucky indeed, ma'am, to lose a great fortune,  
and



and your sweetheart too, both at once—for I do verily believe you had a kindness for Mr. Goodman before you knew he was your brother—but now that's all over.—[*aside*] "Thank my kind stars! and I shall be Mrs. Goodman as sure as fate!

*George.* No, Patty, it is not all over!—

*Emily.* Nor will be but with life!

*Patty.* Lord, ma'am! why sure you wou'd not love your own brother!

*Emily.* Not love him! who shall debar me that?

*Patty.* Nay, ma'am, I only just spoke—for brothers and sisters did formerly marry I grant, or the world could not have been peopled—but that's quite out of fashion now, you know, ma'am—unless indeed you had been roman-catholic-papishes, and were lucky enough to be Sir Thomas's children instead of Dr. Goodman's; because I have heard say, if people have but money enough, the pope will grant a—compensation—I think they call it, or some such hard name, (I suppose it means an act of parliament) for a man to marry his own grandmother! but indeed, ma'am, if I was you, I'd think no more of my brother, but take Sir Thomas at his word, and marry my father—that is, as he is *not* your father.

*Emily.* Prithee have done, Patty; I am not yet reconcil'd enough unto my fate, to bear this ill-tim'd mirth—I might, nay, perhaps I *shall*, find refuge in a cloyster, and dedicate my future wretched life to heaven!

*George.* No, Emily! 'tis I should be sequestered from the world; you have been taught to look for happiness, and, by accepting of Sir

Thomas's most worthy hand and noble fortune, yet may find it.

*Emily.* Impossible! oh, name it not again—never will I basely take the hand and fortune I cannot in return for give my heart!

*George.* Forgive me, dearest maid! nor think I had any view in what I said, but your repose and welfare; for what little patrimony my honour'd father may have gather'd for us both, shall now be wholly yours; as I will immediately enter into holy orders, devote my life to a religious celibacy, nor ever think again of love or womankind!

*Patty.* O goodness heart! that will be a great pity, fir; for there's many a pretty girl, I dare say, would be proud to have you.

*Emily.* Come, my dear brother! let us attend Sir Thomas and our father, I promis'd to follow them directly.

*George.* Our father! oh, Emily—my sister!—I cannot bear the thought—it shocks—it overpower's—it mads me!—my sweet Emily—go you, while I endeavour to compose this agitation of my spirits before I see them.

*Emily.* May heaven restore you to your peace of mind!—but mine—is lost for ever!

[Exit Emily.]

[George sits down, musing]

*Patty.* [after some little pause] Sir,—fir,—fir!

*George.* What do you say, child? [*peevishly*]

*Patty.* Why, fir,—I hope you won't be angry at such a simple girl as me offering to advise you—but really I would not have you think of living single; for to my certain knowledge, there is a girl in the world, ay, and a good pretty

pretty girl too, that's not far off, would be very sorry you shou'd die a batchelor.

George: Which I most surely shall! [*sighing*]

Patty. Mercy forbid, sir!—for indeed you are a very pretty gentleman! and seeing as how you and your sister can't conveniently come together, if I was in your place, I shou'd look about me a little—and if such a thing was to happen, that you even took a fancy to me, sir, I don't think I could find in my heart to be cruel to you—and tho' I am not your equals, you might go farther and fare worse—for I have a little money by me, and a prospect of getting a very large sum soon—and you know, sir, I am a sort of an heiress (as I may call it) besides, and I dare say my father has sav'd something worth having. [*she stands curt-sying and simpering to him*]

George. How this silly girl torments me! I had better check her, or the giddy creature may suppose I know not what—I thank you, Patty, for your good will to me,——

Patty. Thank you, Patty! O gemini, I believe he'll come to at last. [*aside*]

George. But hope you'll not deceive yourself into what might hereafter prove a trouble to you.

Patty. No indeed, sir, it never would—so far from it, every thing I did for you wou'd be a pleasure to me!

George. Still you mistake me, my good girl——

Patty. Good girl! O the dear soul, I shall have him as sure as a gun! [*aside*] No, indeed, sir, I don't——

George.

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*George.* Pray hear me without interruption—

*Patty.* Yes, sir, that I will [*curtlying*] for, to be sure, I cou'd hear you talk for ever!

*George.* I am afraid you have conceiv'd something like love for me——

*Patty.* Like love? indeed, sir, if a poor bashful girl must speak out—it's love in downright earnest! [*curtlying very low*]

*George.* Pray don't interrupt me—you have entertain'd, I say, a partiality for me you mistake for love, and which a return to might possibly confirm in you; but, as that can never be, I intreat you, for your own repose, in time to check it, and never think again of what is impossible!——Oh, love! thou tyrant o'er the heart, how contradictory are thy decrees!

[*Exit George.*]

*Patty.* Impossible! why is it impossible? sure I am not his sister too—lord, lord! that any body should stand so in their own light!—well—it don't signify fretting about it—if I can't have him, I must have somebody else?—and, as *he* won't marry me, I think I'll e'en behave kinder to poor William, for I'm sure he loves me dearly—and if I can but coax him to forget how I us'd him to day, and ask me the question (as he often has before) again, if I don't have him, I'll be whipt!—as I live, here he comes, and a likely lad he is as any in the parish—George Goodman, with all his airs, an't half so handsome.—I'll pretend not to see him, to try if he'll break his resolution and speak first.

William

William enters.

*William.* Ay, there she stands, a sulky thing! what can have made the little puss so plaguy cross-grain'd to day?—she won't take a bit of notice of me—a stubborn young baggage! and I'll be hang'd if I speak to her first—if I can help it! [*seemingly going*]

*Patty.* Not one word, by jingo!—if I don't take care I shall lose *him* too—since he won't speak, I must! so, come down proud stomach!—William!

*William.* Did you call, Mrs. Patty?

*Patty.* Ay, William,—why you pass by a body as if you had never seen one before.

*William.* Why, Mrs. Patty, I be unwilling to anger any one—and the last time we parted, you know you bid me never speak to you again; so I was trying to please you that way—thof it almost breaks my heart! but if it kill'd me outright, I shou'd not care, if it did but pleasure you, Patty! [*half crying*]

*Patty.* Lord, William! why you did not think I was in right earnest, did you?—ha, ha, ha!

*William.* Eh!—he, he, he! why, wa'n't you Patty? [*wiping his eyes while he laughs*]

*Patty.* Wa'n't I! why no, I tell you—I only did it to try you a little—ha, ha, ha!—that was all.

*William.* Was that all? lord, lord, if I cou'd not ha' sworn you was in downright earnest! for you have look'd all day long as if you cou'd eat me with a grain of salt!

*Patty.*



*Patty.* But I cou'd not tho'; William—for I have too great a regard for you to hurt a hair of your head:

*William.* Have you indeed?—well now, that is kind to tell it me!

*Patty.* I should be very ungrateful to behave otherwise than kind to you, William, who have always profess'd so much love to me—nay, more than once even ask'd me to marry you.

*William.* Ay, more than twenty times, Patty—and, if you were but willing, I'd axe your father leave to get Mr. Liturgy, our curate, to publish the banns for us next sabbath; and, as soon as ever we were out-ax'd, I'd marry you, and love you to my dying day!

*Patty.* I thank you kindly, William, for your offer—but, had not we better wait a few years longer, 'till we have sav'd a little to begin the world with; as I don't imagine you are much richer than myself.

*William.* Pho, never heed riches, Patty—it's none but those who have too much already, that marry for the lucre of gain!—not that I be poor neither—last wages, I gave my father to save for me, made (with what he had before of mine) forty-four pounds, twelve shillings and six-pence—that is, in even money, forty-two golden guineas and a half—so, you see, Patty, I be somebody, and ha' gotten a good round sum to begin the world—but, if we had not a sixpenny-piece between us, a young couple that have health and limbs to work, a good heart, and a sound conscience, have enough to begin twenty worlds!

*Patty.* That's very true, William—and I don't think there's a heartier young couple in the



the county than we are—besides, I have a very handsome sum of money by me too, and a power of good cloaths Miss Emily gave me—

*William.* Well then, Patty, shall us put what little we have together, and make a match on't, eh?

*Patty.* Indeed, William, I don't know what to say to it——

*William.* Come, never be faint-hearted—nor stand shilly-shally about it, you simple tony—  
[*kissing her*]

*Metre enters unobserved by them.*

*Metre.* Bless my eyesight! what do I see? I hope the boy hath no unchaste purpose!

*William.* You know, Patty, I do love you dearly——

*Metre.* But honestly I trust——

*William.* And if you'll only say the word——

*Metre.* Goodlack, I am terrified!

*William.* I'll go buy a ring directly.——

*Metre.* Oh!—I am satisfied!

*William.* I do know the size of this dear finger to a tittle—and it shall be as heavy as your heart can with.

*Patty.* No, heavy rings are not the fashion now—let it be a light one, Willy.

*William.* Now then, my dear Patt, you be my own for ever and ever! [*kissing and hugging her*]

*Metre.* He, he, he! their amorous parley is wond'rous pretty, I do protest!

*Patty.* Well, I vow, Billy, you have a most bewitching tongue, and have quite won my heart!

1

*William.*

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*William.* He, he! that's pure!

*Patty.* But you must ask my father's leave, for I would not do such a thing without his blessing for ever so much.

*Metre.* Thou art a dutiful good child, and heaven I hope will bless and prosper you! [*Still aside*]

*William.* Why you know, Patty, I mention'd that before, and I'll go directly and tell un the whole story—oddsflesh! here he is, as sure as a gun!—well, how lucky this be!

*Metre.* Heyday! what hath exhilarated thee so, William?—thou lookest as merry and happy!——

*William.* Merry and happy! ay, that I be—and hilarated too, as you call it, I believe; for, ecod! I hardly know whether I stand upon my head or my heels!

*Metre.* Why?—what hath pleased thee so overmuch?

*William.* What I do hope will not displease you, or we shall be all in a sad quandary.

*Patty.* Lord, I am so aisham'd, I can't look my father in the face. [*aside*]

*Metre.* What is all this about?

*William.* Why, fir,—I—that is, Patty and I, if—you——

*Metre.* Patty, and I, if—you! what? what?—why dost not speak out?—dost thou know, Martha, what it is he lacketh?

*Patty.* I believe, father, I partly guess——

*Metre.* Well, what is it?——

*Patty.* Why don't you tell my father, Mr. William?

*William.* No, do you, Patty——[*shifting each other to Metre*]

*Metre.*

*Metre.* Come, come, speak out boldly, lad!  
—faint heart never won fair lady.

*William.* Ecod, you've hit it! for—you must know, sir,—Patty being in love with me—that is—I being in love with the I mean—if so be you were but willing, we shou'd be main proud to become man and wife together!

*Metre.* Is this true, Martha?

*Patty.* If you please, father! [*blushing and curtsying*]

*William.* Yes, if you please, fa her! [*bowing*]

*Metre.* Why, William, as I have often told thee before, I believe thou art a very honest good lad—but, in troth, ye are both full young.

*Patty.* No indeed we a'n't, father!

*William.* 'Twould be only losing time to stay any longer——

*Metre.* Well, I will take it into serious cogitation—as you will be under my eye—I think—I shall not oppose your virtuous inclinations, but will most humbly solicit the sanction and permission of his reverence and Sir Thomas, which I am prone to think, at my intreaty, will not be withheld.

*Patty.* No, I hope not!

*William.* And then, father, when I am Patty's spouse, I'll keep the bible you said to day you'd give me as choice as old gold, to write the names of all our children in; if so be that we increase and multiply, which I do hope and pray to heaven we may, Patty!

*Patty.* Ay, and so do I, I am sure, William!

*Metre.* [*taking one of them in each hand*] Never did I unto any prayer more fervently ejaculate Amen!

*All three go off repeating—Amen!*

End of the Third Act.

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A C T IV.

*Scene, a retired Part of the Garden.*

*Emily and Lord Sealand enter.*

E M I L Y.

WHY do you persist, my lord, in detaining me thus rudely, and prevent my returning to the house? pray let me pass, my lord—I desire you'd leave me!

*L. Sealand.* Leave you? impossible, my angelic creature! I exist but in your presence!

*Emily.* That your lordship's existence has no sort of dependance upon me, I have had a most convincing proof.

*L. Sealand.* How can you be so cruel, my adorable! have I not declared the most ardent passion for you? am I not now confirming it? what can I say or you desire more?

*Emily.* Indeed, my lord, I never thought to hear such words as these from you again—the effect Sir Thomas's explanation had upon your lordship, made me conclude——

*L. Sealand.* O, cruel! can you suppose I love you more or less, my charmer, for being daughter to this gentleman or that? no—my love is (as Sir Thomas wish'd it) intirely personal, and in possessing you, my angel, I ask no more!—bravo, Sealand! [*aside*]

*Emily.* How have I been deceived! I blush to think how much I have wrong'd this generous man! [*aside*]

*L. Sealand.*

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*L. Sealand.* Why do you turn away, *ma chère*? why avoid me? sure I deserve a better treatment—I, that am waiting to receive, and place you in a state of affluence superior to that in which you have been bred, and from which you are so unexpectedly fall'n—but grieve not at that, for in my arms you'll find safe harbour from all the storms of fortune!—Pretty and poetical that! I don't think Ovid, or any of the love-sick tribe, ever said a better thing. [*aside*]

*Emily.* O my lord! pardon me, I beseech you, for having thought of you so unworthily—I feel the warmest gratitude for this so generous a declaration, but cannot profit by it.

*L. Sealand.* Say not so, my charmer—you know not half the good that waits on you and yours—your father shall be rais'd as high as I have power or interest to advance him—your brother too——

*Emily.* Ah, my poor George!

*L. Sealand.* He shall be poor no longer—I'll give him a living, buy him a commission—or place him to his wish in whatever stile of life he may prefer—say but you will be mine——

*Emily.* What is there else I wou'd not do to serve my father and too-much-lov'd brother! and testify my gratitude, and the great respect I now have for your lordship.

*L. Sealand.* No more, no more; prithee, my charming angel, have done with gratitude, respect, and all such cold unanimated expressions—love is all I require; give me but that, and all the joys and luxuries of life attend you—

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you—well said again, Sealand! egad, this love makes a man talk divinely! [*aside*]

*Emily.* Oh, fir! think not of a wretched creature, who ne'er can taste of joy again!—were you, if possible, more noble, good and generous than I now find you—were you at once the greatest and the best of human kind—so indelible is the impression (tho' ever unattainable the object it is made by!) on my afflicted heart, I could not marry with your lordship.

*L. Sealand.* Ha? what!—marry? O no, my dear, I did not mean that!

*Emily.* My lord!—

*L. Sealand.* I love you, my divine creature, to adoration, almost distraction—every thing but matrimony—and that, oh, that wou'd be downright madness indeed! non, non, mia cara signora! that's quite out of the question now—your planks are started! and, from a vessel of burthen richly freighted, that has lost her cargo in a storm, you must now be cut down to a pleasure-boat!—no bad metaphor that for a sailor—'gad, I think I shine to day! [*aside*]

*Emily.* Good heaven! what can your lordship mean?

*L. Sealand.* Mean, my charmer? mean that I adore you!—that you shall be as happy as love and gold can make you—shall command my heart and share my fortune—any thing but marriage; and *that* your own good sense must tell you is now impossible!

*Emily.* At length I awake—my dream of honour, generosity, respect, and gratitude is now no more—

*L. Sealand.* But when your father and George are inform'd of what I propose for their advancement,



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vancement, as well as for your own, I am sure they will readily——

*Emily.* Stop your licentious tongue, abandon'd wretch! are you not content with this most base attempt on me, but must my pious father and most virtuous brother be your sacrifices too! must they partake and countenance such guilt! oh, shame, shame! disgrace and scandal to your dignity and birth!

*L. Sealand.* Heyday! what is all this? you can't be serious sure, child, in rejecting so genteel an offer?

*Emily.* Sweet heaven look down with pity on me! the measure of my woes was full before—now it o'erflows!

*L. Sealand.* Why, my dear, you have really made a very fine progress in the small time you have known yourself to be the parson's daughter—you both preach and pray most divinely upon my soul!—but we'll leave such dull stuff at present to those who know no better how to employ themselves—come, my Venus! let us retire to yonder mossy couch; where Paphian, Cyprian, and Citherœan boughs entwine to form a shade for love!

*Emily.* Unhand me, sir!—how do you dare insult me thus!—be assur'd, altho' Sir Thomas is not my father, he will resent this outrage.

*L. Sealand.* O fie! how can you be so ill-bred, my dear creature, and want so much courting to your own happiness? Come—I am certain you'll not be angry at a little gentle violence—let me thus force my angel to be kind!

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* For honour's sake, my lord, forbear! pity my distress'd condition, bereft of fortune, love, almost of life! nor with unmanly violence add infamy to my already insupportable afflictions!

*L. Sealand.* 'Tis all in vain—you are a charming girl, I love you, the place is bien comode! and——

*Emily.* On my knees I beg!—think what distraction a reverend parent and a tender brother both must feel for my undoing! and, with a nobleness suited to your birth, my lord! forego the advantage you now have o'er my defenceless situation, and quit your horrid purpose!

*L. Sealand.* Ridiculous! to suppose I'd miss this golden opportunity—no, no!—comply therefore, my charmer! and spare me the disagreeable necessity of compelling you—you won't, eh? why then we must have a fair trial of who is strongest——

*Emily.* Help, help, sweet heaven! rescue a helpless creature from destruction! oh, save me from dishonour and perdition!

*L. Sealand.* You may as well be silent, child, for we are far enough from the house—nobody hears you——

*George enters.*

*George.* Yes, villain, I do!

*Emily.* And so has heaven!

*L. Sealand.* Pox take him! is he here?—I wish he was at Oxford again with all my soul.  
[aside]

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* O my dear brother! my protector!  
my guardian angel!

*George.* My sister! my sweet innocence!

*L. Sealand.* O rot you both! I have got into  
a blessed scrape here—I wish I was in the Bay  
of Biscay with all my heart! [*aside*]

*Emily.* Cruel insulter! to trample on a wretch  
just fall'n to earth!

*George.* How did you dare, sir—if you had  
no other sense of guilt—how did you dare to  
violate the laws of hospitality thus grossly!

*L. Sealand.* Oh, now *you* are going to preach  
—very good—proceed, sir—I am all attention!  
and must edify, no doubt, as I shall be finely  
lectur'd (I suppose) between you.

*George.* Insensible villain! dead to every  
feeling of shame, remorse, of honour or huma-  
nity!

*L. Sealand.* Sir, your most obedient!

*George.* But, my lord! tho' you did not think  
this poor girl worthy to be your wife, remem-  
ber she is my sister, and not to be dishonour'd  
by the most exalted ruffian!—for your pre-  
sent safety be thankful we are unarm'd; else,  
in the cause of injur'd virtue, I should forget  
there was a female present, and punish your  
atrocious villainy on the spot!

*L. Sealand.* Why really, sir, if you are cer-  
tain of victory before the encounter, I think it  
full as well indeed that we *are* unarm'd!

*Emily.* My dear George, contain yourself—  
oh!—I can scarce stand—pray lead me in!

*George.* Lean on me, my sweet sister, and  
fear nothing! have a care, sir, how we meet  
again, it may be fatal to you!

*Emily.* Be calm, my brother! my deliverer!

K

*George.*

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*George.* Fear nothing, dearest!—bear up—bear up! he must be more than man who injures you while I am by, and less than man who could at any time attempt it! [*looking scornfully on L. Sealand*]

[*Exeunt George and Emily.*]

*L. Sealand.* Pox take you for an ignorant, impertinent, meddlesome puppy, I say!—here am I to lose a fine girl, because her stupid brother knows so little of the world—rot him!—but I'll not drop the affair here I am determined—let me consider—um!—ay faith, the very thing! then she may squall 'till she's hoarse again, and I need not apprehend a second interruption—my French scoundrel shall about it instantly. [*going*].—Hold—what noise is that?—

[*La Poudre and Robert cross the back of the stage, talking and laughing.*]

*L. Sealand.* Apropos! yonder is the very fellow I want—La Poudre! La Poudre!

*La Poudre re-enters.*

*La Poudre.* Est ce que your lorsthip please to vant a me?

*L. Sealand.* Yes, I do please to vant a you, your puppy; come hither—

*La Poudre.* Je suis bien aise—I ver much glad den I happen to valk a dis vay—save a your lorsthip de peine to send for me.

*L. Sealand.* Hold your damn'd Babel of a tongue, and mind what I say.

*La Poudre.*

*La Poudre.* I am not say von vard, mi lor—  
I am dumb.

*L. Sealand.* I wish you was with all my  
foul—at least for the present——

*La Poudre.* Fort bien, my lor—I shall not  
open my mous—je ne dirai pas un mot—not  
von vard I vil speak.

*L. Sealand.* Then cease that confusion of lan-  
guages, you damn'd French chattering rascal,  
and hear me!

*La Poudre.* I hear a your lorship parfaitement  
bien, and so may de whole parishe, ma foi!—  
you talk a so loud, I hear you if I was  
two tree mile off——

*L. Sealand.* Ha! egad the puppy says true—  
and that's not altogether so proper at present—  
who was that with you?

*La Poudre.* Your lorship coashaman, Robert.

*L. Sealand.* That's lucky, by Jupiter! call  
the surly savage hither.

*La Poudre.* I vil, my lor—ici!——Robert!  
Robert!—come speak a mi lor,—courez, cou-  
rez, plus vite! for vy you not make a great  
haste, you surly sauyage!

Robert re-enters.

*Robert.* Do you want me, my lord?

*L. Sealand.* Yes, Robert; put the horses to  
directly.

*Robert.* I can't just yet a while, my lord;  
the poor things have not quite din'd.

*L. Sealand.* I tell you they must be put to  
directly—I have not a moment to spare.

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*Robert.*

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*Robert.* Very well, my lord—then they shall only just finish the handful of meat that's in the manger——

*L. Sealand.* Damn the manger! I tell you I must go immediately.

*Robert.* What, mayn't they make an end of the mouthful they're about, my lord?

*L. Sealand.* I tell you no! I'll make an end of you, you rascal, if you don't get the carriage ready this instant.

*Robert.* Very well, my lord!—then I'll get 'em rubb'd down and put to presently——

*L. Sealand.* Rubb'd down! you damn'd provoking dilatory rascal, if they're not put to this moment, I'll rub *you* down with a witness!

*Robert.* I wonder who'd wish to be a coach-horse? poor souls! can never have a meal in comfort! [*going towards the house*]

*L. Sealand.* But hark ye, Robert! go this way, or you'll ruin all—thro' the private door, which you may unbolt, at the bottom of this walk——if any of Sir Thomas's people are at the stables, make some pretence to get them out of the way—let nobody see you take the carriage out, be sure, if you can possibly avoid it, then saddle La Poudre's horse, and wait for us at that garden-gate.

*Robert.* Very well, my lord.—what maggot's in his head now, I wonder! not that I car'd a whisp of hay what was going forward, if the poor beastes had but fill'd their bellies—it's bad enough of all conscience to be a coachman, but, damn it, it's worse yet to be a coach-horse.

[*Exit Robert.*  
*La Poudre.*



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*La Poudre.* Diable! for vy is all dis, mi lor?

*L. Sealand.* Why, I have got into a cursed dilemma here, *La Poudre*, and you must be a damn'd rascal to endeavour to help me out of it,

*La Poudre.* Sans doute, my lord!—assurément I sal do every ting in my possibilité—mais vat dilemme, mi lor, is it I mus help you out?

*L. Sealand.* I had like to have been finely taken in here, *La Poudre*:—Emily is not Sir Thomas's daughter, but the parson's.

*La Poudre.* Ah, morbleu! den I suppose she have peu on point d'argent, littel or no money—~~not~~ so grande fortune as you did expect?

*L. Sealand.* You have hit it—therefore I have declin'd marrying her as I intended, and offer'd (instead) to take her into keeping,

*La Poudre.* Vous avez raison, mi lor; 'tis ver vel juge—and she vil make ver pretty fille de joye for your keep, en verité.

*L. Sealand.* Why, ay, *La Poudre*, tho' she is not freighted for a matrimonial voyage, she'd make a charming pleasure yatch! but she has refus'd that——

*La Poudre.* Refuse dat? la grande sotté! oh que de great a fool!

*L. Sealand.* Her puppy of a brother just now interrupted me in an attempt upon her, and they are gone in doors to acquaint the family of it, I suppose—now, unless I can contrive to carry her off, I lose her for ever!

*La Poudre.* Parbleu, c'est vrai, mi lor—it is ver true inteed,

*L. Sealand.*

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*L. Sealand.* In hopes of which, you hear how I have order'd the carriage—now, if you think it possible to decoy her out, Robert and I will be ready to hurry her into it in a moment.

*La Poudre.* Je ne sçai pas, mi lor—it vil be ver difficile—but I will try all my possibilité.

*L. Sealand.* No matter what unaccountable lies you tell—

*La Poudre.* Lie! bygar I vil lie and swear thro' tick and thro' tin;

*L. Sealand.* If you succeed, the moment she is without the garden door, do you bolt it within to prevent their tracing us; then climb over the wall directly, mount your horse, and scour away as if you rode for your life.

*La Poudre.* Oui, mi lor—but *vere* mus I scoure?

*L. Sealand.* Down to the beach as hard as ever you can ride, and hail the Tarquin—bid O'Connor bring the skiff ashore immediately, and both of you wait my coming to assist me.

*La Poudre.* Je vous entend bien, mi lor—and I sal scoure comme le diable!

*L. Sealand.* Then, if I get her but safe down there, I have no more to do but whisk her on board the Tarquin, put off to sea, and——  
[a noise heard without]

*La Poudre.* Allez, allez, mi lor—somebody come——

*L. Sealand.* I am gone—succeed, my dear La Poudre, and you are made for ever!—now,  
Venus!

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Venus! be propitious to my scheme, I'll sail  
for Paphos, and there worship thee!

[Exit L. Sealand.]

*La Poudre.* Ma foi! it be de old gentilmann  
himself come! parbleu, I no like his look—he is  
fort enragé—in one devil a great passion—mort  
de ma vie! I wish I no get break a my bone!  
fa, la, la, la, &c. [*singing carelessly*]

Sir Thomas Richacre and Dr. Goodman enter.

*Sir Thom.* Where is the rascal?

*La Poudre.* Fa, la, la, la!—who, fire?

*Sir Thom.* That scoundrel of a lord!—

*La Poudre.* Mi lor scoundrel? je ne scais pas  
—I am not acquaint vid mi lor Scoundrel, ni  
monfieur Rascal non plus! I have not de hon-  
neur to know de gentilmens en verité—who do  
you mean, fire?

*Sir Thom.* Mean, fire! why, when I ask for a  
scoundrel, a rascal, and a lord, who can I mean  
but Lord Sealand?

*La Poudre.* Mi lor Sealand!—

*Dr. Good.* Heaven forbid there should exist  
another lord, those names could be applied to!

George enters.

*George.* Is the villain here yet, fir?

*Sir Thom.* I don't know where he is, not I,  
nor will this fellow tell me.

*La Poudre.* Parbleu! I am amaze! je vous  
en prie, gentilmens, vat is all dis fracas and  
tintamarre?—est ce que you dit ask a me, fire,  
vere be mi lor Sealand?

*Sir Thom.*

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*Sir Thom.* Why, who should I ask but you? do you think I enquir'd of the trees and flower-plots?

*La Poudre.* Je vous demande pardon, dat I ave no understand vat you speak ven you ask or mi lor Scoundrel——

*Sir Thom.* Well, now you do understand—where is he?

*La Poudre.* Vat, mi lor Sealand?

*Sir Thom.* Yes, you damn'd incomprehensible puppy! Lord Sealand.

*La Poudre.* Sire, he be only just walk littel way down de jardin.

*George.* Down which walk?——

*La Poudre.* Down dat a walk, fire—[*showing a wrong way*]

*George.* Now then, if the villain has a heart, I'll put it to the proof! [*aside*]

[*Exit George.*]

*La Poudre.* C'est par la gauche, de left hand, fire; [*calling after George*] gentilmens, mi lor be just by de orangerie. [*to Sir Thomas and Dr. Goodman*]

*Sir Thom.* He sha'n't be there long, a dog! nor in any other place that I am master of—for, as soon as I have told him what a scoundrel I think him, if he don't walk out of his own accord, I shall make bold to kick him out!

[*Exit Sir Thomas Richacre.*]

*La Poudre.* Kick him out! mort de ma vie! kick a mi lor Sealand? vat, in de name of vonder, all dis mean, fire?

*Dr. Good.* It means that your wicked lord has made a most infamous attempt upon my daughter's honour?

*La Poudre.*

*La Poudre.* Your daughtere, fire!—vat daughtere?

*Dr. Goodman.* My Emily—my dear, my innocent child!

*La Poudre.* Your shild, fire! be mademoiselle Emily your shild?

*Dr. Goodman.* She is! which that disgrace-to-his-rank no soener knew, than (not content most poorly to reject her he had just before solicited for a wife) he wickedly endeavoured to seduce her to be his mistress!

*La Poudre.* Very wicked inteed, fire!—

*Dr. Good.* Nay more, to aggravate his guilt, proposed rewards for me, her wretched father! to be the pander to my daughter's infamy!

*La Poudre.* Helas! c'est une chose bien infame et extraordinaire, inteed! I am quite shocka to hear it! I no muth vonder now de old gentilman be go kick a mi lor—but I vonder great deal you ave so muth patience and philosophic dat you no go give him littel kick too, fire.

*Dr. Good.* 'Twould ill become my cloth to seek revenge—tho' I came here, I must confess, in anger; and, had I met him, should have loaded him with bitterest reproaches—but, on reflection, think it better to avoid him—if he repents his fault, I am satisfied!

*La Poudre.* 'Tis very good of you inteed, fire—for mi lor ave been fort mechant, very naughty I mus confess; and I thou'd be no muth surprise if de young gentilman fight a mi lor and kill him—ecoutez!—hark a, monsieur! I tink I hear de sword clath—oh, que oui! dey fight! dey fight! ah, mon pauvre  
L lor!

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lor! he vill be kill! he vill be kill! and I fall lose my place!

*Dr. Good.* Kill'd! forbid it heaven! tho' he deserves the worst that could befall him, yet—let me endeavour to prevent more sin!

[*Exit Dr. Goodman.*]

*La Poudre.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! so far I ave tell de very pritty lie inteed, to get dem all out of de vay—now, vile de coast be cleare, I go to de maison, and try all my possibilité to get mademoiselle to mi lor—eh! parbleu, it vill be no politique to come back dis way and meet a les gentilshommes again! vat I fall do, ma foi!—let a me confidere—[*going*]

*Emily speaks without.*

*Emily.* George—brother! where are you, my dear, cruel George?—

*La Poudre.* Quel bonheur! here come de lady quite apropos!—now for de bold stroke—ah miserable que je suis! la peur me fait mourir! I am frighten to death! help a meurtre! meurtre!

*Emily enters.*

*Emily.* Ah, murder? merciful heaven! I fear'd as much, and therefore followed—where? who?

*La Poudre.* Ah, madame! I am frighten out of my sence! Young monsieur Goodaman be gone out of de gate of de jardin to fight a mi lor Sealand, and I justement hear de sword clash and pistol fire!

*Emily.*



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*Emily.* Gracious heaven defend him!—brother! father! help! murder! help!

[*Exit Emily the way L. Sealand went.*]

*La Poudre.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! dat is bien fait—ver vell done inteed! [*looking after her*] you be goot girl, run ver vell—mi lor vill kesh you dans un moment, and carry you quite away! ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Thomas Richacre re-enters at the upper End of the Stage, looking about.*

*Sir Thom.* Where, in the devil's name, has he hid himself?

*La Poudre.* Ah, ma foi! here come old gentleman again! now I must run bolt a de jardin door apres mademoiselle, climb over de vall, (take care I no break a my neck tho') monter á cheval, and scoure down to de beeches as if de devil vas scoure after me!—ha, ha, ha, ha! bygar, I am von very greata devilish lucky rogue! ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit La Poudre.*]

*George and Dr. Goodman re-enter.*

*George.* 'Tis in vain to seek him here, sir; he must certainly have returned up the yew-tree walk to the house, while we have been this way, and may offer fresh insult to my sister—the thought alarms me!—let me fly to her protection!

[*Exit George.*]

*Sir Thom.* Why, there's no finding the dog any where, Doctor—he is not in the garden I'm sure—unless he has hid himself at the  
bottom

bottom of the canal—I'll have it dragg'd, and if I find him there, I sha'n't have quite so bad an opinion of him as I had.

*Dr. Good.* Let us hope, sir, he has reflected on the heinousness of his behaviour, and withdrawn himself privately through shame.

*Sir Thom.* Shame, a villain! he was not ashamed of committing the offence, but I suppose he'd blush up to the eyes to ask pardon; nay, run the best friend he has in the world through the body, or blow his brains out, sooner than do it!

*Dr. Good.* It is to that false shame, sir, we may attribute most of the impious duels, by which our laws divine and human are daily scandaliz'd and broken!

*Sir Thom.* Ay, it's too true, Doctor—the more the pity!—come, George—heyday! what's gone with him?

*Dr. Good.* He went in doors to Emily, I believe, sir.

*Sir Thom.* Well—come, my good friend, let us forget this puppy that has vex'd us—'thank heaven no harm came of it—I think we had e'en as well go tell your sweet girl what I was proposing, when George and the came in from Sealand; and have the wedding celebrated as soon as possible.

*Dr. Good.* Dear sir, consider once more the vast disparity before you finally determine—the obligations you have conferr'd on me and mine already, are never to be cancell'd, but this unthought-of condescension——

*Sir Thom.* No more, no more, my dear old friend! I have considered it thoroughly, and (if you will so far indulge me) it *shall* be so—  
we'll

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we'll shew the libertine we can set a proper value upon merit, without the recommendation of fortune, tho' he cou'd not, by offering her a husband not much inferior to himself, who will love her and protect her!

*George re-enters.*

*George.* Have you seen my sister, sir?

*Dr. Good.* Not since we left her in the house; is she not there?

*George.* No, sir! Patty says, that fearful of my having a rencounter with Lord Sealand, she follow'd me into the garden.

*Dr. Good.* Bless me! where can she have gone so suddenly?

*Sir Thom.* Why the devil's in the people to day, I think, i'my conscience—one can't turn one's head, but, like goblins and fairies, or a jugler's cups and balls, they're vanish'd!—Odzookers! now I think a little, my mind misgives me—sure that damn'd fellow, Sealand, has not convey'd her off!

*George.* Which way, dear sir? the garden door, you see, is shut, and fast bolted, which, if they had gone out of it, must have been left open.

*Sir Thom.* Why, Emily! Sealand! Frenchman! scoundrel!—where, in the devil's name, are you all got to? [*running up and down the stage*]

*William enters hastily.*

*William.* Sir! sir! your worship!

*Sir Thom.* What are you bawling about, you rascal? is not one enough at a time?

*William.*

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*William.* Your worship!

*Sir Thom.* What does the blockhead stare so at? have you seen your young lady any where lately?

*William.* N—n—no, your worship!

*George.* Nor Lord Sealand?

*William.* N—n—no, fir! I ha'n't seen ne'er a one of them since tea-time——

*Sir Thom.* Then what do you come to plague us now for, you puppy!

*William.* Lord, your honour! I only came to tell your worship the poor woman, Dame Quickset, that lives at the cottage where your honours all went after dinner to day, is begging for dear life to speak to your worship.

*Sir Thom.* I am busy now—I can't speak to her—zounds! I cou'd not speak to the great mogul if he was here—why, Emily! Sealand!

*Dr. Good.* Dear fir, be patient for a moment—it may be something concerning my child—pray let her speak with you.

*Dame Quickset speaks without.*

*D. Quick.* Where is his good worship? I *must* speak with un, for it be upon life and death! [*she enters*] O, heaven blefs your worship! you're undone! you're undone!

*Sir Thom.* So I have been just thinking!—but how, how?

*D. Quick.* Young madam! your daughter! your daughter!

*Sir Thom.* What of her!——

*George.* Speak! speak!——

*Dr. Good.*

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*Dr. Good.* Where is she, good woman, where is she?

*D. Quick.* Heaven knows where by this, not I!—some vile villains have kidnap'd the precious lady away, to have their wicked will of her; or else (for the lucre of gold) to sell her for a neger-slave, or a turk, I do verily believe!

*Sir Thom.* A negro or a turk! why what a plague does the woman mean?

*D. Quick.* Why, an't please your worship, a strange outlandish looking man came galloping down our lane not a minute ago, whipping and spurring poor beast like any mad! and a fine chariot came driving a'ter him from your worship's garden door, as thof 'twou'd ha' tore the ground to very bits; with somebody screaming and crying i'th' inside on't as thof they had been murder'd! and, as it pass'd by our hut, who should I see it was but the sweet young Lady Richacre, your worship's daughter, with some vile rogue sitting beside and holding her, disguised like a gentleman!

*Sir Thom.* As sure as death it was that dog Sealand!

*Dr. Good.* Good heaven protect my child!

*George.* Follow me, William! and help to get arms and horses ready!

*William.* Od rot un! I'll take blunderbuss from hall-chimney for myself, and, if I come up with un, I'll make un remember the day o'the month I warrant un!

*Sir Thom.* Metre! John! Coachman! saddle all the horses! load all the fire arms! raise the whole county! blood! I'll blow the villains all to pieces!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

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A C T V.

*Scene, a Parlour.*

*Patty enters alone.*

P A T T Y.

DEAR heart, how I tremble! I am sadly afraid they won't overtake them—lud, lud! I wish somebody was come back again, for I begin to be afraid to stay in the house any longer—who knows but they'll come and run away with me next! O, I wish William was come back! I hope the dear soul won't come to any harm!—lud, lud! what a twitter am I in!—and what can have become of my father?—sure he has not follow'd them a-foot—hark! did not I hear a noise? perhaps I forgot to fasten the hall-door in my fright, and somebody is coming to run away with me!

*Metre enters out of breath, she runs and embraces him.*

*Patty.* O dear father! is it you? I am glad you are come back!—where have you been? what have you heard? have you seen any thing of them?

*Metre.* What! hath no one returned yet, Martha?

*Patty.* Nobody but you, father.—

*Metre.* Goodlack! goodlack! was there ever the like heard of! neither tale nor tidings can I learn, and I have run up and down almost



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most every lane in the parish, untill my poor old legs are just ready to drop off!

*Patty.* You had better sit down, father, and rest yourself, while I get something for you.

*Metre.* Sit down, child? no, I will neither eat, nor drink, nor rest, untill the precious lady is found!—I wanted but to know if any one had been more prosperous than myself, before I journeyed to any vast distance; and since no one hath, I will travel unto the world's end, but I will find her! [*going*]

*Patty.* Pray, dear father, don't—for, if you should chance to meet with the villains, they may murder you, and then come and run away with *me*!—indeed I can't stay here any longer by myself with such dreadful apprehensions—O! I am terrified out of my senses!

*Metre.* Be composed, my good child—they must be hardened wretches indeed to slay a poor old man like me, who could assail them with nought but prayers and supplications—therefore, make fast the door after me, and look heedfully unto the mansion, child, while I—[*going*—as I am a sinner, my reverend master is returned!—I pray heaven he bringeth joyful tidings!—

*Dr. Goodman enters.*

*Dr. Good.* Ha? what's that I hear? joyful tidings, said you? is she found, *Metre*? is she found?

*Metre.* No, truly, if your reverence hath not been so prosperous!

*Dr. Good.* Distraction! O my child! my lost, lost, violated child!

M

*Metre.*

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*Metre.* The Philistines are come upon her,  
verily !

Sir Thomas Richacre *speaks without.*

*Sir Thom.* Here, Patty ! where are you ?

*Patty.* Lord ! here's his worship come back,  
fir—who knows but he may have had better luck  
—I am in great hopes—[ *going* ]

*Dr. Good.* No, no, no ! there are no hopes !  
no hopes !

Sir Thomas *without.*

*Sir Thom.* Patty ! *Metre* !

*Metre.* Here, your worship !——

Sir Thomas Richacre *entering.*

*Sir Thom.* Who's at home ? has nobody  
found this rascal yet ? nobody return'd ?

*Metre.* Yes, an't please your worship, his  
reverence is returned, and so am I.

*Sir Thom.* And so are you !—why I did not  
know you had been any where—where the  
devil did you hide yourself ? I call'd and  
bawl'd for you before I went out 'till I was  
hoarse again, but could not find you.

*Patty.* Indeed, your worship, my poor father  
has been running all over the parish, seeking  
for young madam, 'till he is almost dead.

*Sir Thom.* Well ! and has he found her ?

*Dr. Good.* Oh, no, no, no !

*Sir Thom.* Why then I wish he was quite dead  
—and I wish I was dead—and we were all  
dead ! and buried ! and——

*Metre.*

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*Metre.* Good your worship wax not wroth with your poor old servant! I did my best, in truth; and was just going to repeat my feeble endeavours as his reverence came in.

*Dr. Good.* Dear sir, advise me—I am almost distracted!—what shall I do? where shall I seek her?

*Sir Thom.* I know no more than you—almost distracted, quotha? zounds! I have been stark mad this half hour!

*Metre.* Will your good worship please to repose you in your easy chair?

*Sir Thom.* Repose the devil!—

*Metre.* Mercy on us!

*Sir Thom.* Which way did you go, Doctor?

*Dr. Good.* I went first, fir, to Lord Sealand's house—

*Sir Thom.* Psha! that I know already, for I was there just after you—what could induce you to go there? you might be sure enough he would not carry her home—which way did George go?

*Dr. Good.* I know not, fir—heaven will, I hope, direct him better!

*Sir Thom.* He can't have worse luck than I had go which way he will—for, so far from a coach or a chariot, I could not see so much as a cart or a wheel-barrow—but, come, come—don't let us stand chattering here—let us go look somewhere or other—[going]

*O'Connor speaks without.*

*O'Connor.* Hilli ho! my hearts!—what cheer, honies?—what, all under hatches? tumble up, tumble up, my jewels!—[he enters] By my

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soul ! this is the strangest vessel I ever stuck foot aboard—the devil a hand is there walking deck to keep watch ! so, fait, I e'en made bold to take a peep into the cabin !

*Sir Thom.* Who the devil are you, fir ? what do you want here ?

*O'Connor.* Arrah, be easy, my jewel ! don't put yourself out of your latitude, and you'll know who I am presently—but why won't you station a hand upon deck yonder to keep a bit of a look out ? or you may be boarded by a land-pirate, honey !

*Metre.* Go, Martha, and make fast the door, child.

*Patty.* Dear heart ! I am almost afraid this strange man is come to run away with me !  
[*aside*]

[*Exit Patty.*]

*Sir Thom.* What's your business ? what do you want of me ?

*O'Connor.* What do I want with you ? the devil a toothful do I want of you, but a little civil discourse ; nor that neither, unless you are the commander here.

*Sir Thom.* Well, fir, I am the commander as you call it—What then ?

*O'Connor.* Why then—I'll lower my top-sail to you, honey ! [*pulling off his hat*]

*Sir Thom.* But—what's your business ? for I'm in haste——

*O'Connor.* Why you are to know, joy, I am just come full sail upon the outside of a horse (with another in tow) from the salt-sea-shore, to bring you advice of a sweet cratur, a female young woman, (belonging here) and my master Lord Sealand——

*Sir Thom.*

*Sir Thom.* Lord Scoundrel!——

*O'Connor.* Indeed you may say that—more pity the two words should ever be splic'd together!

*Dr. Good.* But your news, sir, your news!

*O'Connor.* Why, you must know, I receav'd orders from Mounseer Powder-puff, my lord's walley-de-thaver, to have our skiff ready to carry my lord, and the young woman I mention'd, aboard our cutter, the Tarquin—but I soon found, by her unwillingness, that she was not a volunteer of her own accord; but had been press'd into the sarvice without giving her consent to it—so, faith! I began to be a little queer with my lord about it; for the sweet cratur look'd as innocent as a sucking dove, ay, or a new-born dove's egg! and I determin'd not to aid and assist at making her otherwise!

*Dr. Good.* Eternal blessings on you for your goodness!

*O'Connor.* Devil a goodness in the case, honey—'twas no more than the duty of every honest man that is not a rogue!

*Sir Thom.* Give me your hand, my heart of oak! I am your friend for ever!

*O'Connor.* So, while we were raving and squabbling within half a cable's length of land, a good clever likely young jontleman, and a carrotty-pated livery-servant, came galloping and splashing into the salt-sea, as if they were riding post over to France or Holland! for their horses were fairly afloat, and half way to the skiff in the turning of a handspike.

*Sir Thom.* So, friend!——

*O'Connor.* Hollo! you young harebrains! says I—have a care you don't run foul of our  
little

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little nut-shell, and spill us all! upon which the poor girl cry'd out, it was her brother!

*Metre.* Her brother!

*O'Connor.* Devil fire me! says little Brian O'Connor (that's myself) if their beasts shall board us, and send us to the bottom, if he was your brother and sister too! but, do you hear, young jontleman? says I, have a little wit in your folly, and don't sink your friends and your foes together, but take in a reef a two and we'll be alongside you presently.

*Sir Thom.* That was right, friend, that was right!

*O'Connor.* Upon which, you may take your swear, my bug-of-a-lord did all he could to prevent my carrrying the boat ashore—and, at last, when he found nothing else would do, (nor that neither) was trying to hufle me overboard——

*Metre.* Was it possible!

*O'Connor.* Indeed it was not!—for, as soon as I perceav'd it, Oho! thinks little Brian, are you for that fun? I'll be bound I match you to a tittle, my jewel! so, upon my conscience, I made no more ceremony, but gave him as pretty a genteel lift as you shall see in a summer's day, and capsiz'd him (souise!) headlong into the wet ocean! where he look'd, for all the world, like the gold and silver fish folks keep in glass washing-tubs!

*Sir Thom.* Ha, ha, ha! well done, well done, i'faith!

*Metre.* But (notwithstanding his demerits) he was not drowned, sir, I hope!

*Sir Thom.* There we differ, old Stave, for once—for I hope he was.

*O'Connor.*



*O'Connor.* No, faith, fir, as ill luck would have it, he was not drown'd.

*Sir Thom.* The more the pity, say I.

*O'Connor.* Upon my conscience, fir, you say very right—it was God's mercy and a thousand pities sure enough! but I take it he was a little damp or so, for when he scrambled ashore, the salt brine ran from him by pailfuls.

*Sir Thom.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! I shall burst, I shall burst! upon second thoughts I am glad the dog was not drown'd, for if he had, I should have been kill'd outright.

*O'Connor.* Yes, fait, and so would he too!

*Dr. Good.* But how ended the matter, pray fir?

*O'Connor.* O, it was soon over, honey! for when I had thrown the whale into Jonas's belly——

*Metre.* Jonas into the whale's belly, I apprehend you mean, fir!

*O'Connor.* Well! the whale into Jonas, or Jonas into the whale, it's all one an't it?—when I had given my lord a summerfer, I say, and spilt him into the ocean, we got ashore presently—but, as the young jontleman was hoisting his sister out of the boat, his draggel-tail'd lordship lent him such a pat o'the cheek, as was enough to break his handsome face, or put one of his forecastle lights out!

*Sir Thom.* The cowardly villain! but he repaid it, I hope?

*O'Connor.* Och! I'll be bound he did—and with interest too—for he had the honour of horse-whipping his lordship to his heart's content! and (by way of premium) I divarted myself

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myself the mean time with beating his impudent French walley-de-shaver!

*Sir Thom.* Bravo! bravo! ha, ha, ha! but what became of the livery-servant all this while? sure he was not idle?

*O'Connor.* What, the lad with the bunch of carrots growing on his head? indeed he was not—for he had no sooner handed the poor frightened girl out of the gangway, and brought the two horses *they went*, and *I came* upon, to an anchor; but the tight lad beseg'd the coach-box, took it by storm, and is now piloting the young gentleman and lady safe into port here, aboard my lord's own chariot, fait: leaving him and his rascally companions to pad the hoof, and trudge home upon their ten toes!

*Sir Thom.* Odsso! then let's go meet 'em! they can't be far off by this, and I long to see the dear rogues again—[*going*]*—hark!* sure I hear a carriage stop.

*Patty enters hastily.*

*Patty.* My lady's come back, sir! my lady's come back! young Mr. Goodman and William have found her, and they are all come back together!

*Metre.* Rejoice and sing! kill the fatted calf and be merry, for the lost sheep is found!

*George and Emily enter.*

*She runs to Dr. Goodman, Sir Thomas Richacré catches George in his arms.*

*Sir Thom.* My dear, dear, brave boy! thou'rt welcome home again!

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* [*to Dr. Goodman*] O my lov'd fire!  
scarce did I know my father, ere I was torn  
from him! but am restor'd (thank heaven!)  
to his paternal arms!

*Dr. Good.* Thanks, gracious providence! I  
see my child again!

*Metre.* Amen!——

*Sir Thom.* Odzookers! George! I have been  
in a plaguy pucker about you, you rogue!

*George.* Sir, I am eternally bound to you  
for this sollicitude! And, was not my dear  
father exceedingly alarm'd? [*to Dr. Goodman*]

*Sir Thom.* Alarm'd! why I tell you I have  
been almost out of my wits about you both!

*George.* Sir, I am bound to you for ever!  
but, my dear father—[*to Dr. Goodman*—] is  
not *he* happy too that my sister, his sweet  
daughter, is safe restored?

*Sir Thom.* Ay, that he is, I'll answer for  
him—and, as you have so bravely help'd to  
recover a daughter for him, the least he can do  
in return is to provide you with a father, by  
restoring me my son!

*George.* Sir! what does my patron say?

*Sir Thom.* Say?—ecod I don't know what to  
say?—only that, in having you for my heir,  
I am father to one of the best and bravest lads  
in the kingdom!

*George.* Father——

*Sir Thom.* Yes, my dear boy! I am indeed!  
—your father! George, your father! [*embracing  
him*] Odzookers, Doctor, I could contain my-  
self no longer, faith!

*Dr. Good.* Dear sir, he is your own, and truly  
worth the claiming!

N

*Emily.*

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*Emily.* Indulgent powers! is it possible?  
[*aside*]

*Patty.* O good gracious! ma'am! here's good news for you. [*aside to Emily*]

*Metre.* Wonderful! wonderful! most wonderful!

*George.* Am I in a dream!——

*O'Connor.* Upon my conscience I can't tell—but, if you are, you have had a very pleasant ride in your sleep!

*George.* Dear sirs! what am I to think?—within these few hours I thought myself the son of this worthy divine, and this sweet maid, your daughter, sir—[*to Sir Thomas Richacre*] we then were wretched beyond idea, supposing ourselves the issue of one parent! and now, sir—

*Sir Thom.* And now, my dear boy! all is set right—you are my son, my own flesh and blood! at least your mother, Lady Richacre, (who was a pattern of conjugal fidelity) told me so—and Emily is as surely Dr. Goodman's daughter. [*George kneels to Sir Thomas, who raises and embraces him*]

*Emily.* Transporting sounds! then we may yet be happy! [*aside*]

*O'Connor.* Devil burn me! but this makes out the old saying good—that it's a wise father knows his own child—O no, fait, I don't mean so neither—(tho' that may be true too) but, it's a wise child knows it's own father!

*George.* Most honour'd parent! [*to Sir Thomas*] (if I really am so blest) may I presume to ask why we have both been bred in such a mutual error?

*Sir Thom.*

*Sir Thom.* I'll tell thee, George—I had observ'd, with great concern, how seldom young men, bred in the insolent pride of inheriting great estates, deserv'd them!—I am a whimsical old fellow, you know—and therefore propos'd to, and prevail'd on, my respected friend (as we became widowers almost together) to join with me in a project I had formed (in imitation of the Spectator's Leontine and Eudoxus) of exchanging children for a time—hoping thereby to render you more worthy than you might otherwise have been, of the fortune and title you was born to—the experiment was a singular one, I own, but the event has fully justified it! [*George bows*]

*George.* And, sir!—if I dare ask one question more—what recompence did you purpose to this young lady for being deluded with such an imaginary grandeur?

*Emily.* Bless me! what is he saying? [*aside*]

*George.* Was it to realize the golden dream?

*Sir Thom.* Why, I had some such notion, indeed, George.——

*George.* If I remember right the story you alluded to, sir, the good, the generous Eudoxus, join'd the young and loving pair: is that my sire's intention? or (which I dread to ask!)—is it to—marry her yourself?

*Sir Thom.* Ha? what! marry Emily myself? bless her dear little heart, heaven forbid! no, no, I had a younger spark in my eye for her—

*Emily.* Benignity itself! he means my George, I'm certain, and I shall yet be blest! [*aside*]

*George.* Then, sir, I may speak plainer——

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*Emily.* What will the dear youth say ! [*aside*]

*George.* And declare, that I am yet a beggar, if you add not to my late acquisition of fortune, the supreme delight of restoring this lov'd maid to the station she was bred in, by permitting *me* still to call this best of men my father !

*Sir Thom.* What do you ask me for ? she's none of mine, you fool ! why don't you ask the Doctor ?

*George.* [*to Sir Thomas*] My indulgent father ! [*to Dr. Goodman*] O, sir ! either my behaviour has hitherto been unfilial, or you will kindly receive me for your son again.

*Dr. Good.* My ever dearest son !—take her, and may heaven shower down eternal blessings on you both !

*Metre.* Amen !——

*O'Connor.* Ay, and so be it too, say I !

*George.* Now, if my Emily thinks me not unworthy——

*Emily.* O talk not so ! 'tis I that am unworthy—yet wherefore ?—if desert consisted but in riches, then I were indeed deficient ! but, conscious of a mind superior to the distinctions of birth and fortune, I feel that I deserve your love ! for, had our conditions really been as we imagined, preferring thee, the worthiest, to the most wealthy, I should have gloried in my acquisition more than in a conquest of the most exalted !

*George.* I know it, my sweet Emily ! I know it.

*Emily.* And, if my preserver loves like me, he will not ask, but take my trembling hand ;  
assur'd,



assur'd, that he possesses wholly my fond, my beating heart!

George. Thus then I take thy snowy hand! here seal my faith! [*kissing her hand*] and henceforth we are one!

O'Connor. Ay, and a very pretty splice you have both made on't!

Emily. [*to Sir Thomas*] I have so full a sense, sir, of your most unexampled goodness, in first adopting your poor girl, and now confirming thus your favour, I cannot thank you as I ought!—let these dutious, grateful tears speak for me! [*falling on her knee*]

Sir Thom. Rise, rise, my sweet child! you are my daughter now indeed! [*raises and kisses her*]

O'Connor. [*wiping his eyes*] Well! I wish I may never taste another cheekful of beef and biscuit, or a sup of grog again, if this is not as pretty a piece of business——

George. My good friend! the preserver of my Emily! amid these several transports I have too long overlook'd you!

O'Connor. Och! no offence, gra! I have been overlooking you too, 'till I don't know what ails me fait! but I've a notion the salt-water that spalpeen of a lord splash'd in my face when I tilted him overboard, had not got out of the corners of my eyes before! for some drops trickled down the scuppers of my cheeks into my mouth just now that tasted quite brackish! they could not be tears sure! for (tho' we Irishmen are apt to make blunders) a weather-beaten

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weather-beaten chap like myself would not cry, sure, at what he's so well pleas'd with!

*George.* You have a double title to my gratitude, as I receiv'd assistance from you against your own master; not fearing, in the cause of virtue, to offend the wretch you serv'd!

*O'Connor.* I'll tell you what, honey!—Saint Patrick be thankful, I'm never afraid of doing what's right!—for tho' I'm but a menial man of low degree, I am sprung from a very great offspring, and have got the thick blood of the kings of Ireland bubbling in my veins, joy!—and, in my foolish way of thinking, so far from offending, I serv'd my master most faithfully by not serving him at all at all, in such an ungentlemanlike undertaking!

*Sir Thom.* You are a right honest tar! and shall never serve any one again while you live.

*O'Connor.* Indeed and I will always serve both you and yours with all the blood in my bones!

*Emily.* How, or in what words shall I express my very fervent thanks to you, for having sav'd a helpless creature from what I dread to think of! [*to O'Connor*]

*O'Connor.* I'll tell you how you shall thank me, jewel! by holding your sweet tongue, and never saying another word about it!

*Emily.* Generous man! my deeds shall then speak for me.

*Patty.* Dear father! now every thing else is settled so nicely, do, pray, put in a word for poor William.

*Metre.*

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*Metre.* And yourself, eh, Martha?

*Patty.* If you please, father.

*Metre.* Well, I will adventure to address their honours—hem! hem! good your worship!—and good your reverence!—this seeming an auspicious hour, your poor old servant hath an humble boon to crave.

*Sir Thom.* What is it, old silver-locks?

*Metre.* That it may please your honours, when the bans of matrimony are published between my dear and honourable young master and mistress, (as I trust his reverence will not approve they should be married by licence) the names of my poor child, Martha Metre, spinster—and her chosen spouse and helpmate, William Strongbow, batchelor, both of this parish, may be permitted most humbly to follow.

*Sir Thom.* William Strongbow! what, young carrotty-poll? where is the red-headed rogue? I have not seen him since he scal'd the coach-box.

*Patty.* He is in the hall, I believe, father!  
[*aside to him*]

*Metre.* William Strongbow! approach his worship's presence.

*William enters.*

*William.* Did your worship please to want me?

*Sir Thom.* Ay, come hither, William—I am told you have behav'd like a man of Kent to day, in helping to rescue my maid of Kent here from Lord Sealand and his myrmidons?

*William.*

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*William.* I did my best, an't like your worship, as I was in duty bound.

*Sir Thom.* And likewise that you and Patty want to make a match together?

*William.* If your worship and his reverence please to give us leave. [*bowing*]

*Dr. Good.* What say you, Patty?

*Patty.* William has spoke my mind, your honours! [*curtsying*]

*Sir Thom.* Why then marry away, you young rogues, as fast as you can! you have my goodwill.

<i>Metre,</i>	}	I humbly thank your wor-
<i>William,</i>		
and		
<i>Patty.</i>		

*Dr. Good.* And mine!

<i>Metre,</i>	}	I humbly thank your reve-
<i>William,</i>		
and		
<i>Patty.</i>		

*Dr. Good.* And I pray heaven to bless and prosper you!

*Metre.* Amen! ———

*Sir Thom.* And in reward for your service to day, I'll make a man of you, my boy!

*William.* I most humbly thank your noble worship's honour and goodness!

*George.* And, with your leave, fir, I will give Patty a little portion.

*Patty.* Thank you kindly, fir! and may you and my dear young lady be as happy together as you deserve!

*Emily.* I thank you, Patty!—may you, [*to Patty and William*] and every virtuous pair be no less so!

*Metre.*

*Metre.* Amen! ———

*William.* And now, Patty, we shall be as merry as grigs, or as midsummer-day is long!

*Patty.* That we shall, William! and I long for the wedding to be over, that, instead of plain Patty, I may hear myself call'd Mrs. Strongbow!

*Sir Thom.* Now, I believe, all parties are rewarded and satisfied, except the poor Quicksets; and they too shall partake the happiness they, by the timely alarm given us, were in great measure the means of, and never be poor, or want for any thing again, unless it be health, and that the richest of us can't bestow! And so, every thing is settled, and we are all happy! are we not, old boy? shake hands, my heart of oak! what say you?

*O'Connor.* Why, sir, I say—the honour of wagging a fist with you would make me happy if I was ever so miserable! but I'm after thinking the young jontleman and his little sweet-lips there, ay, and t'other young couple too, won't be quite easy 'till they have shook hands and been splic'd together in church, fait!

*George.* The idea transports me!—my Emily!—my destin'd bride! we now approach the height of human bliss! blest as we are in the paternal care of these our best of fathers, the affections of our faithful friends and servants, and the fruition of our mutual disinterested love!—the vices of that miscreant lord, you happily was delivered from, are punished by an indelible disgrace! while the

O

virtues

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virtues of this circle are rewarded with a perfect, and, I hope 'twill prove, a lasting felicity!

*Metre.* AMEN!

The END.





# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

OUR silly author fain would have me speak  
 Something I understand no more than Greek;  
 His epilogue—which he, sure, thinks as fine  
 As if inspir'd by Phœbus and the Nine!  
 Such moral lessons—sage, instructive rules—  
 Drawn from learn'd folios, and the antient schools.  
 Morals, said I, the schools, and huge dull folios?  
 Why, sir, these sort of things should be quite odious!  
 Compos'd of choice tid-bits cul'd up and down,  
 From the gay fancies that amuse this town—  
 With scavoir-vivres let your scene be laid,  
 Tell us of coteries, or à masquerade;  
 Of such materials epilogues are made! }  
 Yet still he begs that I would plead his cause,  
 And say, “the piece conforms to critic laws  
 In scene, time, action; and his further plan  
 To draw men as they are, not more than man,  
 Some good, some bad”—thus tritely on he ran. }  
 Preach this yourself for me, sir, I replied,  
 An epilogue I want where may be tried  
 My comic talents, after this dull part,  
 Which was not worth the getting off by heart— }  
 Give me a taste of gay Thalia's art!  
 In witty verse to satirize the beaux,  
 And swear they know no bliss beyond fine cloaths:  
 While smirking—leering—playing with my fan—  
 I may attract each modish, ape of man,  
 And make him feel—if feel such beings can. }  
 Speak scandal of the ladies—say the cits  
 Have hearty stomachs, and but puny wits;  
 Nay, any thing to please and to amuse  
 This gen'rous circle—politics or news;—  
 Joyful I'd come, on such an errand sent,  
 And you still more approv'd The MAID of KENT!

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